WATSON'S MAGAZINE

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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

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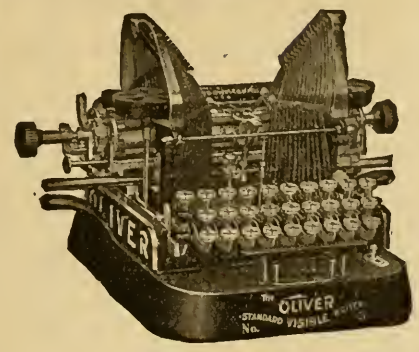

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Vol. XV. JULY No. 3

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—The Pope of Rome.

SERIALS AND EDITORIALS—Thomas E. Watson.

THE STORY OF THE SOUTH AND WEST 163

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY 168

ROMAN CRIMINAL PROSECUTION OF MR. WATSON 196

SERIES OF LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS NO. 3 215

EDUCATIONAL 234

BOOK REVIEWS 241

THE CRY (A Poem) . . . . . Ralph M. Thomson . 168

THE POLITICAL LEADERS AND THE CATHOLIC VOTE . C. Bradway . . . 177

CITY CONGESTION AND FARM DESOLATION . . . Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D. 186

CHRISTENING A PRESS IN SOUTH AMERICA . . . N. P. Pogose . . 194

THE ISLAND OF SOUL (A Poem) . . . . . Macon Earl Evans . 195

THE SUICIDING OF BRUTUS LESS . . . . . James Howard Graves 199

THE REALM OF MARRIAGE . . . . . Julian Kitchin . . 206

THERE IS A MODERN INQUISITION . . . . . Peter Hicks . . . 211

THE TRYSTING PLACE (A poem) . . . . . Josiah H. Combs . 214

CONNECTICUT BLUE LAWS 218

AN EXTRACT FROM "VAGABOND JOURNEYS" . . . Percival Pollard . . 219

HOW MAY CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT ENDURE? . Thos. R. Marshall . 228

REPRESENTATIVES: W. M. Fry, Stahlman Block, Nashville, Tenn.; Geo. S. Krantz, 107 W. 13th Street, New York City; C. S. Parr, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.; W. E. Herman, 112 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

In the days of ancient paganism the priests, when engaged in the ceremonial worship of a goddess—such as Venus, Isis, Daphne, etc.—dressed like women.

The Romanist priests, when they adopted a disguised paganism, and began to worship Mary, copied the feminine attire of the ancient pagan priesthood.

The above cut represents Pope Pius X. in his robes of State, to celebrate "high mass."

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Story of the South and West

Chapter XVIII.

IN the Spring of 1676, Virginia was rocking with excitement.

The almost delirious joy that had been manifested in 1660, upon the Restoration in England, had given way a sullen dissatisfaction. For this change of feeling there were ample causes.

First of all, the planters were systematically and mercilessly robbed under the navigation laws. It is true that these odious restrictions upon the colonial commerce had been formulated during the Cromwellian period, but it appears to be a fact that the laws were not enforced. Charles II., however, was always in need of money, for his profligate court was a den of thieves, pimps, parasites, and expensive, bedizened harlots. Therefore, he would never listen to any protest against the regulations which yielded him so much revenue.

The Virginians were compelled to ship their tobacco, and other commodities, in English ships, bound for England, and manned by Englishmen. There were export duties to pay, in passing out, and there were import taxes to pay in the Old Country. By 1670, the price of tobacco had declined to such a point that, after the duties and expenses were paid, nothing was left to the planter. Thus, they were reduced to poverty; and they chafed under the chains which the royal statutes imposed upon their industry.

Another cause of discontent was the grant of Virginia to Lords Arlington and Culpeper, two of the King's dissolute favorites. This carelessly given donation was the greatest known to history; for it bestowed on those two courtiers, for a term of years, the whole of Virginia, which then extended to the Great Lakes and the Mississippi. No title to land already granted was to be disturbed; but, with that exception, all Virginia passed to Arlington and Culpeper, who were to receive the quit-rents, and the escheats, and to have control of the property in Virginia.

With a scratch of the pen, the King had transfered 40,000 Virginians to the dominion of two foreigners, who were to collect the revenues, appoint officials, lay out new counties, and name the clergymen for the parishes.

Naturally, this royal grant excited universal indignation. The Burgesses sent a deputation to London, to remonstrate; but Charles remained carelessly obdurate.

An additional ground of com-

plaint was the restriction of the franchise to free-holders. Governor Berkeley's Cavalier Burgesses were responsible for this property qualification, which was angrily resented by the citizens who were thereby deprived of their votes.

But the spark which blew up the Great Rebellion was the Indian question. The savages, from Maryland, attacked Virginia frontier, (1675) and committed outrages. The whites rushed to arms, pursued the Indians, who stood to fight, at a palisaded fort which stood on the present site of Washington.

But there was a parley, the savages sending six chiefs, under a flag of truce, to confer with the whites. Horrible to relate, the Virginians murdered these Indian chiefs. Their followers escaped to the Blue Ridge Mountains, and the story of the massacre of the chiefs flew from tribe to tribe, kindling a ferocious desire for vengeance.

All along the border of Virginia, the Red men inflicted blood-curdling outrages upon isolated frontier families. Five hundred men of the Lowland assembled under arms, and demanded to be led against the savages. Governor Berkeley refused to comply with the demand. The effect upon the Virginians may be easily imagined.

While the whole colony was seething with resentment, the Indians atacked the plantation of Nathaniel Bacon, at the Falls of James River. His overseer was killed, and also, one of his servants. Believing that the savages were bent upon promiscuous deviltry, the colony ran to arms, and demanded that Bacon become their leader.

He was a highly connected young man who had been in the colony only a few years; but his judgment, character, and intelligence were so well thought of that he had been selected as a member of the King's Council.

Now that his neighbors urged him to lead them against the Indians, Bacon sent to Governor Berkeley, asking for a commission. The application was evaded, rather than refused.

Bacon promptly decided to act without the commission; and he set out on his march against the savages. Whereupon, Berkeley issued a proclamation denouncing Bacon and his men as rebels, and ordering them to disperse. A messenger overtook the band of horse-men and delivered the Governor's orders. Upon this, some of Bacon's followers turned back. But the bold and resolute leader pressed on rapidly with the remainder of his force, came upon the Indians, attacked them, and inflicted a decisive defeat upon them.

General Bacon marched, on his return, to the lower James, followed by a number of Indian captives.

Governor Berkeley was a fiery old cavalier, and he had good reason to believe that he enjoyed the highest credit with his King. He had been in communication with Prince Charles when the latter was an exile, in Holland; and had received from the Prince a renewal of his commission as Governor. Besides, Berkeley was a monarchist and absolutist on principle. One of the things for which he devoutly thanked God was that there were "no free schools, nor printing," in

Virginia, "and I hope we shall not have, these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience into the world."

With that sort of a Tory in the Governor's chair, for so long a period, one need not be surprised to learn that Baptists and Quakers were harassed by religious persecution.

Probably no Governor, however mild, could have passed over the disobedience and the usurpation of Nathaniel Bacon: at all events, Berkeley was not the man to do it. The proud and choleric old Cavalier put himself at the head of a troop of horse ,and set out to find the young rebel. But no sooner had he done so than the whole colony rose in revolt.

The old Governor laid aside the lion robe, and put on the skin of the fox. He yielded to the most pressing demands of the enraged people, dismissed the Cavalier House of Burgesses which had been in existence for sixteen years, issued writs for a new election, and promised that the members chosen to the new House should meet in June. In this way, the sagacious Governor disarmed opposition and appeased the people. As to Bacon, he could be dealt with, later. So, the crisis passed, without bloodshed.

What Bacon's intentions were can never be known; but he must have apprehended an attempt to punish him. No matter how his thoughts ran, his course of action was shrewd and daring. He became a candidate for a seat in the new House of Burgesses. Unanimously, he was elected. This fact could not have increased the Governor's love for the popular hero. Really, the action of Bacon and of his unanimous constituents was galling to Berkeley. It was an open, aggressive defiance, not to be tolerated, Therefore, the young rebel, and thirty of his nearest companions were arrested, and some of them put in irons. The sheriff carried Bacon himself to the Governor, at the State House—in Jamestown—and, after a brief interview, the prisoner was released upon his own verbal parole.

While nearly all of the historians are antipathetic to Berkeley, I am inclined to believe that he wished to conciliate Bacon, and recall him to his submissiveness to authority. He reminded the young planter that he was a gentleman, and put him upon his honor to conduct himself like a loyal subject.

By the intermediation of friends and relatives, Bacon was persuaded to bend his neck, not to the Governor, but to the Burgesses. On June 5, 1676, he, therefore, appeared at the bar of the Assembly, fell upon his knees, and confessed that he had done wrong. Whereupon, the Governor forgave him, freely, and even went so far as to announce that if Bacon would "live civilly but till next quarter-day, his seat in the Council should be restored to him."

Tranquility being re-established, why was it not lasting? Why did rebellion so soon follow submission?

There is some mystery about it. But so far as we can learn, the new Assembly was determined to redress the grievances—already

designated—and to overhaul the accounts of the administration. To this Berkeley vehemently objected, and he commanded the Burgesses to "meddle with nothing till the Indian business was dispacht."

This caused an uproar in the House of Burgesses. Those who sympathized with the oppressed people lined up behind Bacon, while the other side followed Berkeley. Wrangling wrought up the passions of the Assembly; and it may be that the Governor's ire was again inflamed against the leader of the would-be reformers. He had not issued the military commission to Bacon, as he had promised; and there are indications that he meant to re-arrest the trouble-maker. There was diplomacy on both sides —Berkeley and Bacon each watching the other, with suspicion and evident dislike. Suddenly, Bacon slips away from Jamestown at night, the Governor having withdrawn a verbal permit for Bacon to visit his wife who was said to be "indisposed," at Curles, one of his plantations.

It was now war. Both factions rushed to arms. It soon became apparent that Bacon had an overwhelming majority over the old Cavalier.

With about 600, foot and horse, Bacon marched upon Jamestown, before the troops called out by Berkeley could arrive. The rebels took possessions of the town, and closed up the outlets with heavy pickets. Bacon drew up his fusileers and cavalry on the green, facing the State House. The old Governor was in a towering rage, and faced his enemy boldly, in the open.

"Shoot me! Shoot me!" he cried, tearing open the lace on his breast. Bacon answered that the Governor's life was not sought. What was wanted was the old-promised commission.

"We will have it! We will have it!" cried the Baconian fusileers, holding their guns at full cock, ready for action.

A white handkerchief is waved from the Assembly windows, and the answering shout is—

"You shall have it!"

Thus matters stand, deadlocked, until, next day, Berkeley yields, and signs a commission to Bacon as Commander-in-Chief. Backed by overpowering odds, at the head of a devoted army, and with such a comprehensive commission in his pocket, Bacon was now master of Virginia.

What use would he make of power so great and so quickly won?

First of all, he marched against the enemies of his people, the Indians. In his military operations, he was energetic and invariably successful. He broke the Indian power, and restored absolute peace and security to the frontier. While in the midst of this patriotic work, Berkeley broke faith, flamed out with his old fury, denounced Bacon as a rebel and a traitor. His followers were included in this insane proclamation.

With the decision of a born soldier, Bacon marched to Jamestown. Berkeley fled. In the county of Gloucester, he expected to receive warm support. He was badly disappointed. The Gloucester folk turned out, and heard the Berkeley appeal, but evinced no enthusiasm,

or eagerness to defend the administration. Later, the Governor crossed over the Chesapeake to Accomac. There he stayed, awaiting the development of events.

Taking position at what is now Williamsburg, Bacon exerted the authority of a Governor. He refused to depose Berkeley; but he published a Remonstrance against the Governor's proclamation, and in this paper he sets forth a large programme of legislative and administrative reform—protesting at the same time, that Berkeley's reign had been extravagant, oppressive, and barren of good results. Bacon also summoned the leading men of the colony to meet at Williamsburg, in a general convention, for the discussion of the situation of Virginia's affairs. This summons was respected, and in August, 1676, the meeting was held.

So overmastering was Bacon's personality and so irresistible his eloquence, that he prevailed upon this convention to take an oath to support him against Berkeley, and even against the King, himself, should British troops be sent to re-instate the Governor in power.

Bacon next isued writs of election, that a new House of Burgess, fresh from the people, should assemble, and begin the orderly redress of grievances. I may as well say here, as elsewhere, that the new legislature removed the restrictions upon the franchise, and made certain regulations to control the sale of intoxicating liquors. After Berkeley's return to power, these Baconian laws were swept away.

The old Governor came across the Bay from Accomac, and took possession of Jamestown. Bacon at once marched to grapple with him. First, a breastwork had to be thrown up; and while his men were on this work, Bacon protected them by a stratagem, for which he had been severely blamed. He sent out into the neighboring regions and gathered into his camp the wives of the most prominent supporters of Berkeley. These ladies were so placed that Bacon's breastwork builders could not be fired on, without killing the women.

War is a harsh game; and it seems to me that Bacon's harmless stratagem looks white as snow, by the side of some of the things done by Wellington, Farnese, Alva, Frederick, Turrenne and Cæsar.

Berkeley's men were so inferior to Bacon's that he gave up the contest, after a slight skirmish, in which his troops fled the field. Bacon remained victorious; and all-powerful, but he was a doomed man. A fever was consuming the strength of his sturdy, much-worn frame. It is probable that this fatal illness was due to the malaria of the Jamestown trenches, though there are hints of poison.

He died, with his work all unfinished; and the fact that he was the indispensable man is proven by the complete collapse of the popular movement upon his demise.

Berkeley came back full of the ravening cruelty of a hungry wolf. The man acted as one possessed of the Devil. His ferocity insulted the victims whom he marked out for slaughter. He insulted, in a most beastly manner, the wife of one of the men whom he had con-

demned, when she pleaded for mercy.

Even the King of England was nauseated by Berkeley's insane toll of revenge. Denouncing the Governor as "an old fool," Charles II. re-called him. Miserable because of the hatred of his people and the loss of favor with his royal master, Berkeley sailed to England, where he soon died, neglected by the King who had failed, or refused, to grant an audience to the disgraced Knight.

Note: Since this chapter was written, I have read of an incident which occurred during the Thirty Years' War, and which is similar, in essentials, to Bacon's stratagem at Jamestown. The historians of that prolonged struggle do not condemn it.

The Cry

Ralph M. Thomson

Oh, this is the greeting to Morning,
The ravenous call of the age,
And this is the shout of the fawning,
Who disregard history's page:
A fig for the drone of Tradition,
A thrip for the fathers of old;
A snap for the Nazarene's mission—
All hail to the prowess of—Gold!

And this is the feeling that gushes,
And this is the question we ask,
When preening to pray in the hushes,
We scoff at the man with a task:
Not what of the brain he possesses,
Nor yet of the honor at stake,
But, whining contempt that oppresses—
How much does the simpleton make?

And this was the cry of Gomorrah,
Of Babylon, Sidon and Rome,
Where virtue was reckoned with horror,
And God was a sham in the home;
And out of the tombs of the ages
Stalk ghosts of a life that was wrong,
Who shriek with the wisdom of sages—
How long, oh, Jehovah, how long!

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

[For the individual Roman Catholic, who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I shall deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter XXIII.

IN a former chapter, you were given some of the criticisms which the great Roman Catholic scholar, Erasmus, leveled at the priests, the popes and the superstitions, preachments and practices of his church. Let us now see what he thought of that cesspool, the Confessional.

"Penitents," says he, "often fall into the hands of priests who, under the pretense of confession, commit acts which are not fit to be mentioned: they who ought to correct morals become the accomplices —the teachers and disciples of debauchery. Would to God that my warnings were unfounded, and that there did not exist, *everywhere,* so many examples of these irregularities, of which I speak only in sorrow, and cannot mention without blushing." (*Exomologia*: *p.* 153.)

Erasmus was a man of the world, as well as a monk. He had travelled extensively, and had sojourned in England and in France. He knew men, as thoroughly as Machiavelli, or Montaigne, or Cervantes. Therefore his opinion about mankind is not that of some recluse, who has no practical knowledge of his fellowman.

Who can doubt that he is right when he argues that the Confessional corrupts young priests? The books themselves teach them thousands of things about vice which they probably would never have heard of, or thought about. The subjects which they are instructed to bring to the attention of girls and married women are of themselves sufficient to inflame the animal passion. But when they come to put these interrogatories to the fair and frail penitents, how much more excited must be these natural passions?

The two are alone—the young bachelor, and the woman *who has been educated to believe that submission to him, is submission to God.* They are separated by a perforated grill. The tones of her voice, which is at his ear; the perfume of her breath and the odor of her warm flesh are in his face; the rustle of her skirts, and the maddening aroma of her luxuriant hair kindle hot desire in his young veins —and *here in this solitude, TEMPTATION AND OPPORTUNITY MEET.* Who can doubt that the priest, in such case, acts, as you and I would do? It is *nature.*

Erasmus says that he has heard harlots applaud their own dissolute

lives, *upon the ground that the priests lived in the same way.* He mentions an immoral theologian who justified his evil indulgence by the example of the director of a convent who boasted that he had seduced 200 of the nuns. (*Exomologia*: *p.* 154.)

The famous casuist, Escobar, fully corroborates Erasmus.

In one passage he speaks of the immorality of the Confessional as, "This enormous crime which has spread to such an extent that everybody should unite to suppress it."

To the Bishops of Pistoia, a letter was written by a Paulist monk, in 1798 describing conditions in Portuguese convents. "The regular priests had become the bonzes of Japan; and the nuns, the disciples of Diana (sic). Their convents were seraglios for the monks, as I have proved, at Lisbon, by positive facts, and by showing that the nuns were more frequently mothers, than abandoned women." (Potter, Vie de Ricci, II. 474.)

The same brothel-like conditions were proved "by actual facts" when the convents were broken open in Spain, Portugal and France, in 1908, 1910 and 1911.

Sismondi, the illustrious scholar and historian says—

"The peace of families was banished from all Italy—no husband any longer regarded his wife as a faithful companion associated with his existence: no man any longer found in her a support in adversity, a savior in danger, a comforter in despair: *no father durst affirm that the children who bore his name were his own,* and no one any longer felt himself tied to his child by the sentiments of nature."

How truthful were the assertions of Sismondi, was proven by the witnesses who testified during an investigation made by order of the Grand Duke Leopold, of Tuscany. It appears the evidence was taken down in writing by Abbot Lorenzo Palli, the episcopal vicar of Prato. The Bishop of Pistoia, (Ricci,) had the care of the proceedings; and the record remained in his possession. In this way it came into that of his family, which communicated the facts to M. de Potter, for his use in the preparation of his "Life of Scipion de Ricci." (Published in Brussels, in 1825.)

Inasmuch as a Roman Catholic prince ordered the investigation, and a Roman bishop had superintendence of it, and a Roman scribe made the record of the testimony, we should feel certain that we are dealing with facts—for they are a damning indictment of the Roman *system.*

No atheistic, skeptical, agnostic, Masonic, or Protestant evidence could be more indisputable. And if these frightful conditions in the Tuscan nunneries were not typical, I would not particularly dwell upon them. But, human nature being the same, always and everywhere; and the Roman system being the same, always and everywhere, the convent pollutions of Tuscany merit special consideration. This case is one of the very few in which Rome has not succeeded in muzzling the witnesses, or hushing up the scandal, or destroying the record of her guilt.

"The monarchal libertinism"—

says Count Lasteyrie in *The History of Auricular Confession*—"introduced into the convents of Tuscany by means of confession, dated from a period very anterior to the reign of Leopold. * * * The spiritual direction practised by the monks toward the nuns was a source of scandal for more than 150 years, before the Grand Duke ordered the investigation. In 1642, a petition signed by the holy-standard bearer, and 194 other prominent men of Pistoia, was presented to the reigning grand duke, begging that a speedy remedy be provided for the lascivious conduct of the monks. But it was found that some of the nuns whom they had debased and led into continuous and indescribable lewdness, belonged "to the first families of the nobility." To avert a scandal which would have put so many of the hereditary aristocrats to shame, their daughters and sisters were left to wallow in their filth.

Who can understand how other daughters and sisters could have been consigned to the embraces of these beasts of Dominican monks, after *that?* Who can understand how "the first families of the nobility" came to furnish mistresses for these ravening brutes, from 1642, down to a few years ago? The heads of the noble houses *knew* what sinks of vice and perdition those nunneries were; and yet, their sisters and their daughters continued to be consigned to the hell-holes.

How did it happen that Grand Duke Leopold ordered the investigation?

Two nuns who were chaste, and determined to remain so, entreated the prince to save them from the execrable designs which the monks had upon their honor.

So appalling were their revelations, that they could not be ignored. The two nuns described the manner of life in the convent where they were immured. The monks entered when they pleased; ate, and drank wine, with their favorite nuns; and then retired with them into their private cells. The girls were so infatuated, that they gave their money and goods to the monks; and "would even go without the necessaries of life, to enrich their lovers." Says Bishop Ricci, as to this, "I do not state anything of which I have not the proofs." He also says that the monks habitually passed the night in the dormitory of the nuns.

(There was no public hearing: Leopold caused all the nuns to be interrogated by the lieutenant of police. Thus, they were free from any monkish intimidation.)

It was discovered that the corruption existed in all of the convents—Florence, Prato, Pisa, Perugia, Faenza, etc., etc.

One of the communications to Leopold, was, that of a nun of Castiglione Fiorentino, a Franciscan convent. She says, "I cannot complain to the provincial; for the monks will never listen to complaints of this kind.

"The nuns are obliged to allow such enormous sins to be committed, if they do wish to be *shut up for life, under any pretense.* The comissioner is invited to the convent, and goes with the young nuns into their chambers, with one of them at a time, or with two at most, and then he locks himself in."

In a letter from an ecclesiastic of Rome to Bishop Ricci, we read—

"I have been told that it had been known, through private letters, that the first seducer in the convent of Saint Catherine of Pistoia, had been a Jesuit. *I know* of a monastery where a Jesuit used to practise improper familiarities with the nuns. He used to say that by obeying him they did a very virtuous action, since they showed much repugnance."

The prioress of the convent of St. Catherine testified that "the priests are the husbands of the nuns, and the lay-brothers of the lay-sisters. How many bishops are there not in the Pontifical States who have also discovered immorality in the convents of their dioceses?"

She further says, "No order of men is more perverse than the monks. Though secular priests are ever so wicked, they can never attain, in any respect, the wickedness of the friars. The artifices which the monks know how to employ to impose on the world, are beyond all description."

Another nun told how her confessor had tempted her, and had called her "a precious simpleton," because she refused to yield her person to his lust. She adds, "There is another cursed abuse, which is, that the nuns choose a husband among the monks when they have scarcely made their vows."

The monks had taught the nuns that it was their duty to submit, without hesitation or misgiving to every comand that issued from their lips. They actually brought these girls and women to believe that, *if they refused to gratify the sensual appetites of the monks, the pope would launch against them the dread thunders of excommunication.* This would be incredible if Bishop Ricci had not borne testimony to it.

But, in fact, the Pope and his conclave were fully aware of these hideous conditions; and yet, they took no action. *They were indifferently acquiescent.*

In 1774, Bishop Alamani had written to the conclave of Cardinals: "Almost all the nuns depose to the immorality and libertinism of their directors, to the material doctrine and brutal sentiments with which they endeavor to inspire them." The memorial of the complaining nuns was handed to the cardinals. No attention was paid to it.

Bishop Ricci, in his Memoirs, asserts that the Dominican nuns had several times, but always in vain, *had recourse to the holy see.* They never received a single word of consolation, *or even a reply.*

The Bishop himself wrote to Pope Pius V. informing him of the bawdy-house conditions prevalent in the convents. He wrote also to Cardinal Corsini. But Rome, so far from encouraging the good Bishops, incited the vile monks and their paramours to resistance of any change, assuring them that the tempest would soon pass!

The Pope and Conclave became parties to the stupendous criminality of the depraved. *What a terrible price to pay for the institution of Celibacy.* The implied bargain, between Pope and priests, is *NO WEDLOCK, BUT FREE LOVE.*

Chapter XXIV.

Pythagoras thus admonished his disciples:

"Never close your eyes in sleep, on retiring to rest, before you have examined by your reason all the actions of the day. In what have I been remiss? What have I done? What have I ommited of what I ought to do? Beginning with the first of your action, continue throughout. If in ths examination you find that you have committed any faults, reproach yourself severely: if you have done well, rejoice."

That was fine old pagan advice, wasn't it?

Seneca, the Roman philosopher who lived in the time of Nero, and who, of course, never saw, or heard of, the Bible, writes—

"At the end of the day, when he (Sextius) had retired to his bedroom, he addressed an interrogatory to his soul. Of what faults, he would say, hast thou been cured today? What passion hast thou withstood? In what art thou better?"

Thus we see that the Roman philosopher, Sextius, had the same idea that Pythagoras had entertained. *Here was a Confessional, at work in one's own soul.*

We find in Confucius the same principle. He says—

"As nobody can live without committing some kind of fault, one must continually strive *to correct oneself.*" "There is but one God, who surpasses everything in honor and majesty; but if we sin against heaven we can find no one to deliver us."

Tao-see, the other revered Chinese philosopher, says:

"If we commit a bad action, we must correct ourselves and repent; if we quit the road to evil, and practise virtue, we shall not fail to obtain happiness."

In the Hindoo Ezour-Vedam, we find:

"Sin is an offence committed against God: He alone, therefore, can forgive it." Among the ancient Hindoos there was the same public confessions, and prayers to heaven, that were the customs of the primitive Christianity.

Zoroaster instituted confessions to priests, penance, and absolution. In his system was a sort of pope, to whom God had given the keys of heaven.

Thousands of years before the Romanists adopted auricular confession, the ancient Parsees taught that—

"Every devout person ought always to recite the penitential prayers. Fail not to go and cast thyself at the feet of some priest. * * * When thou approachest one of our priests *to ask him for absolution,* the number of thy sins will diminish. But if thou have recourse to *the sovereign pontiff,* the gloom of thy sould will be dispelled, etc."

But the Sad-Dar (sacred book of the Parsees) tells the sinner that, if he cannot find a priest, to confess to a devout layman. If such layman cannot be found, the sinner is told to kneel, with his face toward the sun, and recite the penitential prayers.

The formula of the confession, as found in the Zend—Avesta is

practically identical with that prescribed by Pope Innocent III. Zoroaster led the way: the Papa followed.

In the religion of Thibet, and the priesthood, the Confessional, absolution, vestments, and pope were almost the same as those of the Roman hierarchy. The first time that missionaries from Papa penetrated Thibet, they were so greatly astonished at the appearance and the rites of the Dalai Llama and his priests that they—the missionaries—could explain the resemblance upon no other ground than that *other Romanist evangels had been there, ages before.*

Epicurus, the Greek philosopher said—

"The avowal of a man's sin, is a proof that he seeks to become better."

Epictetus, the slave sage, writes:

"Hear what are my opinions and show me yours: let us mutually correct each other. If I have any depraved opinion, correct it: should there be one in you, do not conceal it, but bring it to light. This is what it is proper for philosophers to do."

Epicurus died 270 years before Christ: Epictetus wrote the sentence quoted above at least 50 years before James put the same thought into the well-known verse, "Confess your sins to one another."

Confession of sins was a condition precedent to admission to the mysteries of the ancient pagans. Plutarch mentions the introduction of auricular confession, by the Grecian priests of his time. This was prior to the appearance of a single Christian Gospel.

It will be seen, therefore, that nearly every pagan priesthood introduced the Confessional, the motive being the same as that which actuated Rome in borrowing it—*to increase the power of the Pagan hierarchies.*

Let us come now to the Fathers, whom the Romanists call "Saints."

Chrysostom says:

"I do not tell you to make publicly and ceremoniously a confession of your sins, and to be your own accuser, but I ask you to conform to the words of the Prophet, who says, 'Reveal your life to the Lord,' *Confess to the Lord,* your judge: declare your sins to him, if not aloud, at least in recalling them to your mind: pray to Him, and ask Him to take pity on you."

Sound Gospel doctrine, that!

Again he writes:

"I exhort and pray you, my very dear brethren, to confess more frequently *to immortal God,* and to gain His favor by asking *Him* to forgive your sins. I do not require you to make a show of your sins, and to reveal them *to men.* Search your own conscience, and lay bare its recesses *to God.*"

In another place he ascribes to God this command to sinners—

"Discover to *Me alone,* your transgressions, so that I may remedy them and you may be cured."

This admonition is addressed to those who are too timid and ashamed to make public confession.

No "Saint" has a higher rating in the Roman church, than Augustine. Hear ye him:

"What need have I that *men* should hear my confession, as if

they could give any remedy for all my transgressions?" *"Believe for certain that man cannot remit sins."*

"Saint" Basil says—

"If the power of remitting sins has been attributed to no one, *as is certain,* God alone can remit them."

Tertullian asks, "Who remits sins, but God alone?"

Saint Ambrosius says, "Men lend their ministry in the remission of sins, but not as having the right to absolve. They pray, and God absolves."

Ireneus wrote, "Christ used to absolve men from their sins, and to cure them. He thus manifested who He was; for no one can remit sins, but God alone."

So late as the year 813, the Roman church had not ordained the Confessional, or put forward the monstrous doctrine that her priests can forgive sins.

The 33rd canon of the Council of Chalons, reads:

"Some say that they ought to confess their sins to God alone: others think they must confess to priests. Either is done with much profit; but only on condition of confessing our sins to God, Who has the power of remitting them. This is why confession *made to God* purges away sins; and, *made to the priest, teaches HOW we may obtain pardon."*

Down to the 13th century the confession of one layman to another was held to be as efficacious as those made to the priests.

After the Christian church had been made the partner of the Roman Empire, and the pagans had been compelled to move over into it, by Constantine and his son, Constantius, its Christian simplicity and purity disappeared. When millions of people came into it, without change of heart, the church itself was changed. It was like the muddy Missouri pouring into the undefiled Mississippi, which after the union of the two, becomes saturated with silt brought down into it by the turbid tributary.

When the imperial pressure forced into Christianity the races who loved their gods, their idols, their many altars, their processions, their festivals, their consecrated shrines, candles and lamps, their pagan ceremonial, their pagan conception of the priesthood, their pagan faith in purgatory and penance, their pagan superstition and fear of the alleged supernatural power of the sacerdotal order, *it was perfectly natural that they should bring all these elements of their old religion with them, when they were suddenly made Christians, by imperial decree.* From this time, dates the paganizing of the Roman Catholic church. (This was in the 4th century after Christ.)

In the 5th century, private confession began to creep into a few of the churches, in imitation of the priests and votaries of the mythological god, Bacchus. The innovation was vehemently resisted by many of the most eminent scholars and theologians of the Roman church. But the Popes steadily pressed it upon the priesthood and the laity; and it consequently gained ground, throughout the Western church.

Nothing could more clearly prove

its modern origin than the fact that the Christians of Abyssinia, Ethiopia, Egypt, Judea, Asia Minor, and Armenia have no Confessional, and no sacerdotal remission of sin. Nor has the Catholicism of the Russians any human absolution. The priest merely intercedes with God to forgive the penitent's tresspasses.

This is the formula:

"Receive, oh God, with Your wonted kindness the penitence of Your servant; do not consider the greatness of his crimes, since it is You who forget and forgive transgressions."

This is practically the same prayer that Roman priests used to offer after confession. It was not until after the great division which separated the Eastern and Western churches, that the Western priest took the place of God and said, after confession, "*I* absolve you."

The custom of one layman confessing to another was banned by Paul IV., in 1555; by Gregory XIII., in 1574; by Clement VIII., at the close of the 16th century. This proves that the exclusive hearing of confessions by priests was not established until the 17th century. *Thus, it required all the power of the Papacy, applied for a thousand years, to set up the Bacchic Confessional in the Roman church.*

The decree of Clement VIII. reads as follows:

"We decree by this institution, to be for ever valid, that whosoever shall be found to have celebrated mass, or administered the sacrament of confession, without having been promoted to the holy order of the priesthood, be immediately given up by the judges of the Holy Inquisition, or by the ordinary of the place, to the civil power, in order that secular judges may inflict upon him the punishment he deserves."

(The secular judges at that time, were all Roman Catholics.)

It was the Council of Latran, in 1215, that transformed voluntary confession into an obligatory sacrament. Every one of the faithful—even the children were commanded to confess to the priest, in private, at least once a year. Every physician, atending the sick was required to warn them "to send and fetch a physician of souls." Any doctor who failed to play into the hands of the priests, as ordered, was to be excommunicated.

The Political Leaders and the Catholic Vote

C. Bradway

WHEN President Taft elevated Justice White to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court, Mr. Bryan urged Taft to make public the motives that induced him to select Justice White in preference to Justice Harlan, when White was a Democrat, younger in service and known to have views favorable to the trusts and the privileged class, while Justice Harlan was a Republican, served longer than White, and was known to have views opposed to the trusts and monopolistic interests. Of course, Mr. Taft ignored the demand, but from this little episode, one questions why Mr. Bryan, when specifying the comparative qualifications of the two justices, failed to demand of President Taft his motive for appointing to the highest position in the highest court of this Republic, a Roman Catholic. It would seem that there is some significance to be attached to Mr. Bryan's failure to ask this question. It is perfectly obvious that Mr. Taft made this appointment and numerous others for the same reason that Governor Foss of Massachusetts, within the short period of a few months from his inauguration, appointed nine Roman Catholics to the judicial bench of the State, the reason being in both cases a fulfillment of obligations to, and a rewarding of the Catholic voters for their support.

The Catholic vote, which is claimed to be two million strong, has become a tremendous and menacing power in Presidential elections, and both parties are vieing with each other in catering to the demands of the Roman Hierarchy, in order that the priest-controlled portion of the Catholic vote can be swung in favor of one party to the exclusion of the other. That this is true cannot be doubted when the attitude and conduct of men conspicuous in both parties is examined.

Probably the most undignified and un-American event that has occurred in our executive history, and deeply humiliating to the American people is the spectacle of President Taft, scarcely a year after his inauguration making a "swing around the circle," at public expense, to re-gain the popularity that he evidently so feebly held, and a year later repeating the "swing around the circle" for the same purpose. There must be something decidedly wrong with his conduct as a President to cause such a sudden wane of popular feeling, and no small part of this is due to his servile, obsequious and un-American attitude toward the Catholic Hierarchy that assisted so materially in placing him in the executive chair, and upon whom he now relies to be retained there.

What are the main reasons that have caused the American people to become suspicious of his Amercanism? What are the counts in the indictment against him which he will soon be obliged to answer before the bar of public opinion?

(1) The first count is his inoculation with the Romanish taint when he went to Rome as a delegate concerning the Philippines, and whereby through his recommendation this country spent needless millions for the friar lands.

(2) His strong opposition to such popular and much needed reforms as the Initiative, Referendum and Recall, and his failure to actively advocate the election of Senators by popular vote, thus joinig with Rome in opposing the restoration of the People's Rule, which is destructive to the Hierarchy's plan "To Make America

Catholic," and to dominate the political affairs of the nation.

(3) His numerous appointments to public office of Catholics as a reward for their support in his elevation to the Presidency, and in hope of their future support.

(4) His lending to Catholic affairs the dignity of his exalted office for the past three years by his presence at the Thanksgiving service at the St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., after issuing in each instance a general proclamation to the people of the country urging them to attend their usual places of worship to give thanks to God, which proclamations he ignored himself by neglecting his own church and attending the Catholic functions where his presence was more likely to rebound to his political advantage.

(5) His rescinding Commissioner Valentine's order prohibiting the wearing of a sectarian garb in the Government Indian Schools, which act was contrary to long established precedence, and was in compliance with pressure from Catholics who are and long have been enjoying unlimited freedom of access to the President's ear at the White House.

(6) His insult to the fair name of Massachusetts when at the St. Patrick's Day celebration recently in Boston he sat down at the table with Cardinal O'Connell seated on his right, in preference to the Chief Executive of that State, thereby establishing a precedent that the so-called "Foreign Princes of the Vatican Blood" rank next to the President of the United States in all public functions. He thereby showed to the world his utter lack of American manhood by failing to protest at the improper treatment accorded to the Executive of the State he was visiting, and by failing to congratulate the said Executive for his refusal to attend and submit to such indignity.

(7) His un-American and uncalled for attention to the affairs of the Roman Church, as instanced by his sending a special cable to Rome congratulating the newly created American Cardinals upon their elevation, and assuring them that he will be pleased personally to welcome them upon their return to America, when he takes no public notice of similar events in other religious organizations.

(8) His sending of Major Butt as a specal messenger to Rome for the purpose of soliciting the Pope's influence with the Catholic voters to work for the President's re-nomination and election pretending all the while that the Major had no special message to the Pope, but that the Major was enjoying a much-needed vacation.

(9) His indiscriminate and lavish lauding, in speeches of Catholic assemblies on every possible occasion as to their high "respect for constituted authority and love of country," "well known regard for civil and religious freedom," "fealty to American institutions," and similar sentiments as essential principles upheld by the Roman Hierarchy, when he knows full well, as a student of history, that the Pope is superior, according to the principles of the church, to all temporal authority and is so recognized in the oaths taken by Cardinals, Bishops, Jesuits and Laymen, "The Pope is King," being their motto.

(10) His ordering that no Masonic emblems should be placed on the graves or be used in the recent burial ceremonies at Arlington for the American soldiers who sacrificed their lives in the sinking of the Maine, simply because a few Catholic bones were mingled with those of Protestant sailors and the use of Masonic emblems would, in the eyes of the church, desecrate the bones of the Catholic sailors.

(11) His refusal (as a Mason,) to attend the International Convention of

Knights Templars to be held this coming summer, saying that he expected at that time to be enjoying an un-interrupted vacation at Beverly, Massachusetts, which refusal should be contrasted with his eager willingness to attend the Irish Catholic celebration in Boston, March 18th, where he hob-nobbed with the Cardinal, establishing a new precedent as to the rank of the church officials in this country, and casting a slur upon the escutcheon of the State of Massachusetts.

Despite the foregoing indictment, which is a record of facts, and needs no proofs, the President has the effrontery and the foolhardiness to stand before the country seeking its approval by re-nomination and re-election, but it is to be hoped that the loyal Americans will realize that his election would mean a complete endorsement of the Catholic power as a factor in our national affairs and would give them increased control over its policies and the administration of the Government, and, realizing this, all loyal Americans must do all in their power to thwart the attainment of his ambitions, and through him the ambitions of the Catholic church.

As the choice for the Republican nominee lies between President Taft and Theodore Roosevelt, the latter's record in connection with the Hierarchy of Rome is a matter of great moment to the nation.

Cardinal Gibbons recently said that Roosevelt is the most popular man in the country, but that as Taft is in the harness, he should be re-elected. From this, it is evident that Roosevelt stands well in the estimation of the Catholics of this country and that the vote will be swung for him if he is made the nominee. His record while in the White House, and his public utterances relating to Catholics manifest a disposition to curry favor with them, and it was largely through him that the Jesuitical power was enabled to gain such strength as to completely control Taft, his successor.

On the occasion of Cardinal Gibbons' jubilee, June 6, 1911, Mr. Roosevelt, forgetting his suddenly developed personal animosities for Taft, stood on the same platform with him to do honor to the Cardinal, believing that by coming again conspicuously before the Catholic world and saying the right thing, his future political welfare might be materially benefited. The most important passage in the Colonel's speech, judging from the extracts in the daily papers, was this—that sometime there would be a Catholic President. This utterance, possibly made thoughtlessly under the enthusiasm of the occasion, no doubt has done much to increase his hold on the Catholic vote and to encourage their effort "To Make America Catholic." Besides Taft, Roosevelt is the only living man who knows the tremendous power which a President holds within his grasp, and a Catholic President at the present time would be a national calamity and a blow to the free Government which is the blood-bought legacy inherited from our forefathers. A Catholic is born and nurtured under the principle that the Pope is supreme in temporal as well as spiritual affairs; that all must owe obedience to him; that every Catholic, to be loyal, must be a Catholic first and a citizen afterwards; and that the promotion of the welfare of the church is supreme to that of the State. These being undeniably and essentially the cardinal principles of the Hierarchy, a Catholic President could not be loyal to the oath exacted by our Constitution and loyal to the traditions of our country, and at the same time serve Rome. It is only when the Jesuits are expelled from this country and the ambitious political power of the Hierarchy of Rome completely broken that we can safely have a Catholic President, and therefore, for Roosevelt to give unqualified endorse-

ment to a hope, such as Cardinal Gibbons expressed in a recent issue of the "Outlook,"—that they may sometime have a Catholic President,—is absurdly rash and apparently utered for personal motives.

Mr. Roosevelt is non-committal as to his attitude toward the Catholic church in politics. It may be because he wants their vote, and hence dare not come out in the open and declare himself. Or it may be that he does not believe they are active or perniciously active in politics. That they are active in politics is in direct compliance with the special commands of the Pope "To Make America Catholic." Leo XIII, in 1886, uttered the following command in words which every patriot should take to heart and weigh carefully their meaning:

"We exhort all Catholics to devote attention to public affairs, and take part in all municipal affairs and elections and all public services, meetings and gatherings. All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in countries where they live. All Catholics should exert their power to cause the Constitution of States to be modeled on principles of the true church."

That they are openly and perniciously in politics in compliance with the Pope's demand, one need only remember Cardinal Gibbons' jubilee-political sermon of last fall. As the Pope's leading representative in America, with the solemn power of his ecclesiastical office behind and the eyes of the whole Catholic world upon him, he denounced as undemocratic and un-American the Initiative, Referendum and Recall of Judges and the popular election of Senators, this denunciation being immediately echoed by Archbishops Farley and Ireland, and re-echoed by their underlings throughout the country. Again, as proof of their political activities and ambitions, refer to the words of Archbishop Ireland, "The church never can come to its own until there are more Catholics in Congress," and to the words of Archbishop Farley: "Where the liberties of the people are committed to a Catholic their liberties are safer than when committed to any other individual," delivered in an address at the unveiling of the tablet of Thomas Dongan, Governor of New York from 1663 to 1688.

Refer also to the political boycott and the avowed intention to politically destroy a faithful member of Congress, Representative Stephens, of Texas, Chairman of the Committee of Indian Affairs, simply because he interrupted the plans of the Hierarchy in violating the laws of the land in connection with the Indian Mission Schools. Refer further to the acts of the Catholic Rulers in such cities as Boston, New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, etc. If they are not in politics, why are three-fourths on the payroll of Chicago, Catholics; why so many Catholic teachers in our large cities; why so many heads of municipal departments and, in some cases, whole departments Catholics; and why the recent reduction of sixteen Protestants to one Catholic in one municipal department in Pitsburg; why all this if the Catholics are not seeking, and surely getting, and firmly retaining political power?

Now, Mr. Roosevelt must know all these things, and yet he has not the bravery to come out in the open, although in a letter addressed to him by "The Menace" of Aurora, Mo., he has been urged to do so and to define frankly his position regarding the pernicious activities of the Jesuits and the Hierarchy against our American institutions. Silence is his only answer, for he cannot afford to offend the Catholics, and the "Outlook," his official organ, says the Catholic church is not a menace, but a blessing. Will Mr. Roosevelt either affirm or deny this? If he has a clean record, why does he not call upon Taft to explain his Cath-

olic record, for Roosevelt is now using his ingenuity in every way to show Mr. Taft up to the people in as unbecoming light as possible. But Roosevelt cannot do this, because he knows that his hands too, are soiled with the same pitch.

In his present public utterances he is emphatic in his statements that the great issue before the country is the People's Rule against the rule of the political bosses. What has he to say about that type of People's Rule where two million votes can be swung to the support of one party or the other, according to the dictates of a political boss on the Tiber? What is Mr. Roosevelt doing to break the power of this political boss—Pope? Nothing, absolutely nothing. But on the contrary, he is helping the Pope and his vassels by concealing the real issue before the country. The people, however, have arrived at a true estimation of his principles and character and the indications are that he, like Taft, will never again be seated in the White House.

The time has now come when the great issue is Americanism versus the Roman Catholic Political Power in the United States, and if Mr. Rosevelt is sincere in his declaration for the People's Rule, he should boldly espouse the principles of Americanism which means—the driving out of the Jesuits from our land; the protection of our common schools as the bulwark of American liberties; and the complete separation of Church and State, in its application to Catholic, Morman, Jewish, Protestant, and all other religions.

The Democratic leaders no less than the Republicans are tainted with that disease that has infested our political life during the past few decades, and they too have succumbed to the belief that the only hope to elect a President is through capturing the Catholic vote. Both parties are infested with the fearful virus, and the sad fact is that no candidate now before the public has the manhood to come out and make the pernicious activity of Romanism a national issue. This virus permeates our very political being, munciipal, state and national, and instead of attempting its cure, those hungry for office recognize it, yield to it, and nourish it with the hope of benefits to be received.

Speaker Champ Clark is and has been shaping his actions and selecting his words in such a manner as not to give offence to the Catholic vote and on all possible occasions he has been falling over himself in his eagerness to make public addresses and to attend receptions and other Catholic functions in Washington and elsewhere, thereby lending the dignity of his office to such church affairs.

It is now said that he is holding up the immigration bill at the behest of the Catholic power, because it will interfere with their plan "To Make America Catholic," and in the other House he has the co-operation of Senator Stone and other venal politicians who have more to heart their own selfish ends than the welfare of the American people and their institutions, and hence they are opposing this immigration legislation. Mr. Clark lacks appointive power, but he is making up for it in other ways, by looking after the Catholic interests. An instance of it is this holding up of the immigration bill.

Governor Wilson is said to have lost a strong grasp on the South recently, because of the development of facts showing his pollution by Catholic connections. Early in the nominating campaign the South was regarded as strong for him, but when the selection of delegates came about, he was weighed and found wanting. His first official act after he was inaugurated Governor was to appoint a Catholic private secretary, and he has indiscriminately associated with Catholic

influence ever since. Recently he approved a bill drafted and engineered through the legislature by Catholics to prevent Justices of the Peace from performing marriage ceremonies, thus taking away from the illy paid Justices their small marriage fees, and diverting this business to the priests, who are notorious for charging exorbitant fees. Such and other acts have weighed heavily against Governor Wilson. The time has now come when every candidate for office must submit his record to the scrutiny of the voters that they may test his Americanism, and he will suffer, as suffer he must, if he is proved faithless to patriotic ideals.

Governor Harmon, another candidate for the Democratic nomination is guilty of succumbing to the Jesuitical schemes, in his recent appointment of Catholic judges to the Supreme Court and the appointment of a Catholic as a trustee to the Ohio University. By this act, an agent of the Hierarchy is given a say in the educational policies of that University. It is a Catholic principle that "Education outside of the Catholic church is damnable heresy." (Pope Pius IX.) And when Governors render the carrying out of such principles possible, the purity of our educational system is endangered and all free citizens must protest. If Governors of States, like Wilson and Harmon, are thus under Jesuitical domination, there is no reason for hoping that that domination will cease should either be elevated to the Presidential chair.

This article would not be complete without some comment on Mr. Bryan's attitude, and although he is not an acknowledged candidate for nomination, he has still a considerable following and himself has approved Clark or Wilson as a Democratic candidate. As said before, neither of these two candidates has the manhood to oppose the pernicious activities of the Catholics in our political affairs, and Mr. Bryan himself has been silent, contrary to his usual habit, when a national peril is known to exist. Mr. Bryan poses as a defender of the common people and a patriot. In the last campaign, he said the paramount issue was the People's Rule, and now he declares the paramount issue to be the "People's Rule Against Wall Street," because Harmon is supposed to be backed by Wall Street, Mr. Bryan, both in his speeches and in his paper is doing his utmost to oppose Harmon's nomination. Bryan must know that Wall Street is not the only and overshadowing menace. He must know that the People's Rule can never be complete as long as we have the Catholic power dominating our politics, and when he declares that the whole fight must be waged against Wall Street, the Catholic power must rejoice in his blindness, for he leaves them unnoticed and free to carry out their ambitions. The question is, why should Bryan, who has nothing to lose, but an immortal name to gain, who is not a candidate for office, who is sole proprietor of a strong paper and is the alleged living exponent of the Jeffersonian principles, remain silent against the Catholic power when they denounce as undemocratic and un-American the principles which Bryan has been vigorously advocating? Did Mr. Bryan raise his voice against Cardinal Gibbons when the latter denounced the Initiative, Referendum and Recall, and the popular election of Senators? No, he is compelled to adopt the policy of silence against their aims, "To Make America Catholic." Indeed, for his silence and inaction he has been commended, for in a recent issue of his Commoner, he was defended by a friendly Catholic who has known him for years, and who said that Bryan had never said, or printed in his paper, anything detrimental to the Catholic cause. This defence was made in response to a criticism by a Catholic

paper that Bryan acted unreasonably harsh at the time he was last defeated, when he said it was the Catholic vote that elected Taft. This statement is about the only bad thing on record against Bryan in the Catholic eye, and as he wants this to be forgotten just now, he publishes in his Commoner the defence offered by a friendly Catholic.

Bryan claims to be following Jeffersonian principles, but he evidently forgets the fight that Jefferson made for the establishment of Free Public Schools and the complete Separation of Church and State, refusing an appointment as ambassador to a foreign court because he realized that his duty was to remain at home and labor for these and other reforms. Yet Mr. Bryan allows the Catholics to assail our public schools and endeavor "To Make America Catholic" in order to re-establish in this new world the principles in vogue in the Dark Ages, viz., the subservience of State to Church and the control of education. His memory should be refreshed by the following words of Jefferson:

"I contemplate with sovereign reverence the act of the whole American people which declares that their legislature should 'make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof,' thus building a wall of separation between Church and State."

That this separation will never be maintained by the Catholics, when in power, one need only to refer to past history for confirmation.

On the school question, the Catholics are decidedly un-Jeffersonian, as will be evident from the folowing quotations:

Cardinal Gibbons, in a recent address at Baltimore, characterized our system of education as "imperfect, vicious and destructive to the religion of youth."

"Education must be controlled by Catholic authority even to war and bloodshed."—Catholic World.

"We must take part in the elections, move in a solid mass in every State against the pary obliged to sustain the integrity of the public schools."—Cardinal McCloskey.

"The public schools have produced nothing but Godless generations of thieves and blackguards."—Father Schaner.

Now, if Mr. Bryan is a Jeffersonian, what service is he rendering the country in the defence of the public schools and the fight against the Catholics in attempting to unite Church and State?

Is is astonishing that Mr. Bryan, imbued as he is with such a deep religious sense and capable of preaching so eloquently on the "Prince of Peace," should remain unmoved while in the name of that same "Prince of Peace," the great hydraheaded monster—the Catholic Hierarchy—which is exotic of our land, waxes day by day stronger and stronger, and entwines its slimy tentacles around our legislative halls, courts of justice and administrative offices, choking the very life blood out of the Republic, amassing fabulous sums of money and gaining possession of enormous untaxed estates. The great shame upon our civilization is that this can be done under the name of "religion."

That both the Democratic and Republican candidates now before the public are mercenary in their bidding for the Catholic vote, has been shown. These men know from history, and we all know from the example furnished by the conduct of the present occupant of the White House, that the Roman Hierarchy exerts a baneful influence upon the liberties of the people wherever it has acquired temporal power. Any candidate who barters himself by remaining silent against the machinations of the Hierarchy, or by directly dealing with it in the hope of receiving the purchaseable portion of the

Catholic vote, is a briber, a traitor, a Benedict Arnold. It is deplorable that candidates for office take this mercenary attitude without compunction, evidently feeling security from public condemnation because of the unrebuked custom of late years for candidates of both parties to traffic with Rome. The day of reckoning is fast approaching, thanks to the vigilence of the loyal and patriotic citizens throughout the land!

If a man like Hearst, La Follette, Bryan, or other progressive with a great following behind him and a powerful paper to give expression to his views, will not come to the front at this juncture and become a standard-bearer of a new Americanism, which affirms the principles of separation of Church and State and a perpetuation of our Public Schools, and which is based on the prayer of the immortal Lincoln: "That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth," and become leader of the legions of American citizens now ready to follow in the fight against our Jesuitical foes, there is no need for us, lacking at present a leader, to individually falter. Each and every patriotic citizen has a solemn and sacred duty to enlist in the fight, and to do his utmost in preventing the nomination and election of a Catholic to any office—city, state or national—just so long as it remains the avowed intention of the Church of Rome "To Make America Catholic" and to gain control of our Government. But the non-Catholic candidates must be non-Catholic in spirit and blood, and not like our President, who can without scruple, take a Masonic oath and pledge, only later to become more a Jesuit than a Mason, a pledge which, I am told is so solemn, sacred and sublime that no man of honor, character and true patriotism could ever break it.

Every patriotic citizen has it within his power to become an active vital force for the preservation of those things for which our forefathers fought, bled and died. He can help in this cause by writing to every candidate who solicits his vote, asking such candidate about his views concerning "The Making of America Catholic," and then giving wide publicity to such views, that all the voters can know the true character of the candidate. He can encourage those publications that are waging this non-partisan, anti-Catholic campaign, such as "The Menace," Aurora, Mo.; "American Citizen," Boston, Mass.; "The Jeffersonian," Thomson, Ga.; "Liberty Magazine," Washington, D. C.; "The Converted Catholic Magazine," New York, N. Y.; "Life and Action," Chicago, Ill.; and others. In this way, the campaign of education will be carried on and the light flooded on the evil ambitions of the Hierarchy against out priceless liberties. The questioning of candidates for office in the manner referred to is probably the most effective manner of accomplishing permanent and lasting results.

To our forefather Masons is largely due the conception, the bringing into birth, and the nurturing into manhood of the great underlying principles of our American Republic, and consequently it becomes the special mission of the Masons of today to rise as a mighty force in the defense of these same princples. There is no need to stand back for fear of being criticised as attacking a religion. The great Catholic political machine is *not* a religion; it is a monster operating in diabolical ways under the cloak of religion. It is this religious political organization that is the enemy of our free Government and our free schools. That it is a blight to any nation, recall that France, Italy, Portugal, Germany

and England have shorn the church of its political power. But here in America, our self-satisfaction in the permanency and invulnerability of our institutions has heretofore permitted an amazing apathy to possess our people, and consequently that Catholic political machine has gained in power here in just the proportion that it has been losing in Europe, almost completely throttling us. It is time then for the Masons to rise in a unit as patriotic citizen to drive out the Jesuitical curse from our land, as it has been done in Mexico, Germany, France, England, and elsewhere, and to declare to the church in words of finality that her proper sphere is religion, according to the principles of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Madison and the rest of our illustrious forefathers.

When Bryan electrified the country in 1896 with his famous "Cross of Gold" speech, he had in mind merely an imaginary cross. But now there is a real menacing cross of gold that is casting its blighting shadow over our land. Under the power of that menacing cross of gold comes the command of the Pope "To Make America Catholic." Under the power of that same menacing cross of gold comes the papal command for all Catholics to enter actively into our politics. Under the power of that menacing cross of gold in America comes the command to enter politics by opposing the Initiaive, Referendum, Recall, and the popular election of senators. Under the power of that menacing cross of gold, we hear the command that more Catholics must be elected to Congress, and that the liberties of the people are best conserved when placed in the hands of Catholic officials. Under the power of that same menacing cross of gold, the Pope and his hordes of underlings pronounce a curse upon our public schools. Remembering these truths, and fully awake to their meaning, it is now time that all patriotic citizens through the length and breadth of the land shall throw down the gauge of battle and in one mighty voice cry out, "You shall not press down upon the brow of American citizenship this crown of thorns, and you shall not crucify mankind on that menacing cross of gold."

City Congestion and Farm Desolation

(Address by Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D., President and Founder of the National Farm School)

TENS of thousands of unfortunates who suffer under cruel oppression in foreign lands, who, mindful of the consecration of our country as a refuge to the persecuted of all creeds and peoples, look to our shores as their heaven of escape, are in danger of seeing our bars let down in front of them, because we have not dealt wisely with those that had preceded them.

Louder and louder grow the protests against unrestricted admission of immigrants, and loudest among them are those of men of influence in the Congress of our Nation, and within their own respective States. At the doors of our immigrants are laid by far the largest number of evils from which our country suffers, and no end of ill-will is stirred up against them in consequence. They are charged with raising the price of food because of their consuming vast quantities of it, while producing but very little of it. They are charged with lowering wages by underbidding the American laborer in the open market. They are charged with driving the American entirely off the field of fair competition by reason of their willingness to live and toil under conditions of congestion and filth to which the native will not and cannot submit. They are charged with preventing a general introduction of the eight-hour law, and a general betterment of the status of the laboring man by reason of their willingness to work any number of hours a day, for any kind of wages, at any kind of a place. They are charged with making possible the vilest corruption of politics by reason of their readiness to sell their vote at any price, or do any kind of dirty work for pay. They are charged with congesting our already overcrowded cities, and with breeding and disseminating there all manners of vices and crimes and diseases. They are charged with filling our jails and reformatories and penitentiaries, our brothels and saloons, our orphanages, hospitals and almshouses. They are charged with necessitating our doubling and trebling our police-force and court-houses and taxation.

While immigrants have been the makers and perpetuators and protectors of our Nation, while they have furnished a large part of the best citizenship of our land, while they have filled creditably places of honor and trust in every walk of life, from cabinet officer to commander, from mayor to magistrate, from judge, editor, preacher, teacher, to artisan, mechanic and merchant, while there is nothing of which our Nation is today in greater need for a proper development of its well-night inexhaustible resources than wisely and widely distributed immigrants—while all this is true, there is also, unfortunately, enough of truth in some of the charges raised against immigrants of recent years to make the half-truths more dangerous than while falsehoods would have been.

It is true that immigrants of recent years have, for the most part, settled in the large cities, and that, by reason of their overcrowding and their glutting the labor market, they have produced conditions that militate against their own and their country's best interest. It must not be forgotten, however, that they located in the cities because the industries employing them were established there. It is true that some of them allowed themselves and their votes to be used for corrupt, political purposes. It must not be forgotten, however, that many of those who

corrupted them prided themselves on their Puritan or Colonial descent, and profited far more by the corruption than did the corrupted. It is true that by increasing the number of food-consumers, without increasing the number of food-producers, they increased the price of food. It must not be forgotten, however, that is was easier to find labor in the city than to acquire a farm fully equipped, and the knowledge how to till it profitably, and the means to maintain life until the farm was producing. It is true that a considerable number of them have joined the ranks of the vicious and criminal and diseased. It must not be forgotten, however, that their mental and moral and physical deterioration was not, as a general rule, a consequence of their own violation or of inherent tendency, but was forced upon them by the want and misery and squalor under which they were obliged to eke out a wretched existence.

It is true that even men who are friends of the immigrants, who are glad to see them come to our shores and bid them a hearty welcome when they come; even such men as James J. Hill, of Minnesota, have risen and declared that, unless we bring about soon a more rational distribution of our population, both native and immigrant, than now exists, that, unless we set ourselves earnestly to work now to provide for an increased farming population, there will not be food enough to satisfy the hunger of the American people fifty years hence, when the population of the United States is likely to be 200,000,000 souls.

Here and there may be heard already the rumbling of the rising volcano that rages beneath, whose outbreak is inevitable, if not warded off while yet we may. Most of the great revolutions of the world have had their origin in the Cry for Bread. Hungry men are desperate; like necessity, they know no law. Fathers know no mercy, mothers fight like hyenas when their children clamor for bread with nothing but an empty cupboard to satisfy that cry. When that cry is heard the cheeks of the well-fed may well blanch, and the hearts of the well-to-do may well tremble, for their doom is night. It was the Cry of Bread that was the primal cause of the Peasant War in Germany, that swept mighty armies to perdition. It was the Cry for Bread that was the primal cause of the French Revolution, that brought a king and queen, princes and lords, counsellors and mayors, bankers and priests, and thousands of others to the guillotine. It was the Cry for Bread that was the primal cause of the bread-riots in England during the Corn Laws agitation. It is the Cry of Bread that is at the bottom of most of our strikes and lockouts, of the bitterness of feeling that exists between employer and employee, which, at times, finds vent and satisfaction in such outrages as those committed by the McNamaras and their accomplices and abettors.

Condemn as we do these brutal acts of vengeance on the part of laboring people, searching into causes, studying the wage-question, housing conditions, the food-supply, the slavery, the squalor, the misery, we can quite understand the causes that give rise to them. There are miseries that make for madness. There are sufferings that dry up every drop of the milk of human kindness. There are wrongs that compel unbelief and anarchy. It is not easy to be contented when there is no food in the larder, no coal in the bins, not enough clothes to cover the body, not enough room to stretch out at night, and no work and wages for weeks and months. It is not easy to be contented, when, notwithstanding slavish toil from early morn till late at night, there is not enough left after rent and physician and grocer are paid, and the insurance is looked after, and the install-

ment man is satisfied, to appease the cravings of hunger.

Not long ago the School Board of New York City discovered that hundreds of Ghetto children were daily sent to school without breakfast, and that but little more than a crust awaited them at noon—their only meal during all the day. Hundreds of infants, Mr. Nathan Straus has proved, perish annually in that quarter because compelled to subsist on milk more than half of which is water. Three hundred thousand human beings live in that Ghetto district, within an area covering one square mile, the Tenement House Commission of New York reported, a population equal to that of one of our great cities, a population about equal to that of the new state of New Mexico, whose area is two and a half times as large as that of Pennsylvania, the population of the latter State being over seven and half millions. In other words, if New Mexico were as densely populated as Pennsylvania it would house more than eighteen millions of people. The number that vast State houses at the present time about equals that which teems within one square mile in the Ghetto of New York. Within the tenements of that most densely populated district in all the world there are 250,000 rooms that have neither windows nor any other aperture communicating direct with outer light and air, that do not even communicate with other rooms provided with windows, into which there oozes an atmosphere that is impregnated with the poison of putrefying filth, and that infiltrates the germs of that dread white plague that counts its victims in that district by the hecatombs.

Enter one of these tenements, and you encounter a seething mass of humanity toiling, slaving, here and there the rattle of the machine unable to drown the hacking cough of the consumptive, or the moan of the wasting or dying. You hear of almost incredible hours of labor—sixteen,eighteen, even twenty hours a day. You hear of wages so low that it is difficult to believe, yet only too true. Bargain counters must have cheap wares, and the low price must be gotten at the cost of the heart's blood of these unfortunates. You find single rooms occupied by families of six persons, and more. You find a family of seven persons, including a son of nineteen and a daughter of eighteen, inhabiting a dingy basement kitchen, all sleeping, side by side, on the same floor. You find rooms in which children are sleeping on shelves and under their parents' bed. You see children that pass months, perhaps years of their early childhood before they catch a glimpse of sun or sky, of flower or tree, before they hear the song of bird. You see parents who are too busy to give their growing boys moral oversight, and which boys, being largely their own masters, make the public street of the slums, with all its sights and sounds, with all its temptations and sin, their first and worst school of life. You hear of young women tempted and fallen. Wearying of perpetual slavery, longing for the joy of life which they feel is the right of youth, yearning for ornaments which the pittance they earn will not permit, they readily listen to the serpent's tongue, and easily fall victim to his wiles. You little wonder at the confession of a fifteen year old child-mother that there was scarcely a misery, a vice, which she had not seen, or of which she had not known or tasted, that, though a mother in her early teens, she could not remember when she was a child. You see mothers obliged not only to do all of the ordinary housework, not only to bear and nurse and tend their children, but also to slave alongside their husbands from dawn to midnight, and all for the barest necessities of life. Their faces and forms readily reveal the signs of exhaustion

and decline, and tell only too clearly what heritage of weakness their children have brought into life with which either to curse their own existence or to become a burden on the charities or city or State.

To be sure, the charities have labored hard to piece out, by means of alms and deeds of benevolence, the shortcomings of small wages, scant rooms, ill health, mad morals—but all too little avail. For every one they helped, a dozen sprang up requiring help. Never in the history of man have such enormous sums been expended, and such hosts of people been employed for the alleviation of the poor as at the present time. Millions are added upon millions; buildings upon buildings are erected, organizations upon organizations are founded, for the care and cure of society's diseased and dependent. For the poor we sew and dance and play, for them we write and speak and pray, for them we beg and scold and legislate—but the poor continue poor, and grow in number. From every direction comes the cry for more money, for more workers, for more institutions.

There was but one cure, a cure absolutely sure and easy, called *Nature Cure*, that would not have cost one-thousandth part which the other attempts and failures have cost, the cure that would have taken the poor out upon the broad fields, where nature fairly clamors for them, where there is room and work and health and wealth and happiness for many thousand times their number, where the sun would greet them, and the breezes play upon them, and the birds and brooks sing to them, and the flowers and shrubs and trees greet them with their sweetest fragrance, where the family would sit under their own roof, with none to drive them, with none to make them afraid, with none to rob them of the just returns of their handiwork.

I have made it my duty in recent years to travel considerably through far north-west and south-west for the purpose of investigating agricultural conditions and colonization opportunities. I visited farm lands and fruit orchards and cattle ranches. I talked with farmers on their lands, entered their homes, broke bread with them at their tables. I saw farms that yielded, per acre from 40 to 60 bushels of wheat or barley, from 80 to 100 bushels of oats, without the cost of one cent for fertilizer. I saw gardens and orchards in which vegetables and berries and fruit were grown that yielded from $250 to $1,000 per acre. I saw farms, thousands of acres in extent, requiring steam plows for their cultivation, and heard of farmers complain that the lack of farm hands prevented their cultivating more. For every one farm cultivated I saw miles of fertile lands that had never yet felt the touch of plow. While some of the European and Asiatic countries average from 300 to 500 people to the square mile, such States as Oregon, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Texas, New Mexico do not together average one person to the square mile. And yet there is one square mile in the Ghetto of New York that has a population of 300,000.

Often, when beholding the bountifulness of these States, and contemplating the sparsity of their population, and their posibility of housing luxuriously, and nourishing healthily, and employing profitably, the vast mass of people in the submerged quarters in the northern and eastern sections of our land, and millions of others, my heart ached, and fervently the prayer winged itself from my lips: Would to God, some new Moses might rise to lead these unfortunates of our day, from their house of bondage to the land of promise, to the land overflowing with milk and honey!

"But they will not go to the country and take up the life of the farmer," is commonly believed. The belief is true

of some, and is not true of others. It is true that there are poor people as there are rich people who seem to have an unconquerable dread of the country and its quiet, who love the excitement of the crowds, the clash and din of the noisy street, who would rather endure any kind of city hardship than enjoy all the real pleasures of country life, who would rather hear the rasping horn in front of a city nickle-show than all the birds that ever intoned a matutinal choral or vesper song to the rising or setting sun.

But this may possibly not be an unmixed evil. In the present state of industrial organization, the city is needed as well as the country. There must be city folks as well as farmers. The latter must have markets for their surplus products, and there must also be those who shall spin and weave his cotton and wool, and turn them into clothes and bring them to the farmer. If he is to do his best work in the shortest and easiest time on the farm, there must be those to make his tools and implements and a hundred other things he needs, and which are probably made cheapest and best in the city. There must be manufacture and distribution as well as production, and without the former the latter would be deprived of two-thirds of its value.

The number of those, however, to whom the very thought of farm-life is repugnant, is not as large as it used to be. If you do not believe it, go to the New York office of *The Baron de Hirsch Agricultural Aid Society*, and count the number of those who apply to it for opportunity to exchange city slavery for country life, who beg to be placed on farms so that they might live the life God and nature meant them to live, but whose petitions must be denied because of a lack of funds.

If you do not believe that the number of those eager to take up farm life is increasing, go to the Philadelphia office of *The National Farm School*, and count the number of appeals from deserving lads, that reach there almost daily, at certain seasons as many as five a day, for weeks at a time, begging to be given a chance to quit the city, to be trained in the practice and science of farming, for agricultural callings, to be made bread-producers instead of becoming bread-beggars, to be made the kind of citizen of whom the Nation is in need and of whom it would be proud—but whose scores of petitions must be turned down because of lack of funds to house, board, clothe and educate a larger number of students than now crowd its walls.

If you do not believe that an intense craving for farm-life, for the sound of rustling trees and waving grain, for the sight of green grass and pasturing cattle, has sprung up among large numbers of the submerged, turn to some of the present-day Ghetto literature. Read Morris Rosenfeld's poem entitled "*Despair*" in which an enfeebled, because overworked and underfed, sweatshop slave is solaced by him thus: "You wish to be in fields where the air is fresh and life is free. Wait patiently, you will be carried thither soon enough." Or read the poem called "*The Nightingale to the Laborer*," in which he makes that bird of sweet song call to the toiler: "Break away! Enough of your slaving in stifling shops! See how nature opens wide her arms to press you to her life-giving, health-instilling, joy-throbbing bosom! Others are there, and they ask for you. There is your place! There is your share! Haste you thither! Cease to be a sweatshop machine! Become a man!"

If you do not believe that thousands of them are ready to heed that call, then ask the Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, and let him tell you of the requests for free land that constantly rush in upon him from the congested cities, which unfortunately he is unable to grant.

"But they are not fit for agriculture," is another general belief. "Colonization atempts have been repeatedly made," it is charged, "and they have proved dismal failures."

The sin has not always been on the heads of them that failed. A good-sized volume might be writen, and even that would not contain the whole story, of the blunders that have attended past efforts in colonizing Ghetto people—in sending them far away, without the leadership of trained agriculturists, in trying to keep them there without the necessities of life till self-supporting, in expecting immediate golden returns from colonists who before their coming had never seen a plow, much less handled one, in settling people wholly unfitted for pioneer work in uncleared wilderness, or on desert lands, purchased because cheap, and abandoned becaus worthlss, lands so sandy or swampy or sterile that their only assured crops were mosquitoes, maleria and misery.

If, however, you would be convinced of the fitness for agriculture of such as were given a fair chance for success visit some of them on their farms in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pensylvania, or in some of the New England States. In fact, so great in these latter States have become farm-settlements composed of former-day sweatshoppers that a scion of one of the blue-blood families complained recently in the public press, and to his own discredit, that the people of the Ghetto are fast filling the farms which for some two centuries were owned and tilled by the best families of New England.

If yet more you would be convinced, visit some of the hundred and more graduates of *The National Farm School* on their own farms, on which, or near which, they have located relatives of theirs or other former dependent Ghetto inhabitants. Or visit them on agricultural estates belonging to others, of which they have charge as general farmers, or dairyists, or orchardists, or floriculturists or stockraisers, and the like. Or visit them in agricultural schools where they are employed as instructors, or follow them to the various sections of our land where they are carrying on experimentations for the Department of Agriculture of the United States. Or visit the pioneers of the agricultural colony in Utah, composed of one hundred and fifty families from the Ghettoes of Philadelphia and New York, most of them under thirty--five years of age, but few over forty years, who have recently taken up six thousand acres, and have begun, with most promising outlook, to cultivate them, under the leadership of a graduate of *The National Farm School.*

What has been done in Utah could be done a thousand fold in other States. Graduates of *The National Farm School* are only too eager to lead such colonies, and, having been trained for just such work, feel in themselves the power to make successes of them, if the means were at hand for the purchase and equipment of the necessary farms, and for the maintenance of the pioneers until producing.

We often hear the question: "If they, for whom there is no work nor wage, no room nor health, in the congested city, are so eager to go to the sparsely settled country and take up farming, why don't they do what the recently organized colony in Utah did? Why don't they go forth, buy land, build homes, get a *National Farm School* graduate to start and lead them?"

The answer is: Few, dishearteningly few, have the means to do what is thus glibly advised. If all the advice given with respect to turning tailors into tillers, and pedlers into potato-growers, could be coined into money, our Ghetto-problems could be solved beyond a possibility of their

reopening. The wage of the overwhelming majority of those in sorest need of exchanging congested city life for that of the free and open country has been scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together, would often not have sufficed at all, if it had not been pieced out by charity. And what is still worse, such is their state of health and mind, that, if their removal is much longer deferred, they will be wholly unfit for the strenuous life and labor required during the first years of colonization, and they will become all the more a helpless burden on the charities.

"But why do not the charities come to their rescue?" is asked. "Why do not they buy farms, equip them, and move upon them those eager to go, those who by continuing in the city can only continue to be a burden upon them."

This is just what the charities should do, but unfortunately cannot do. As at present organized, they have more than they can do in relieving immediate needs. There is no putting off feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, healing the sick, teaching the ignorant, correcting the erring, sheltering the homeless. Much as they may desire it, they have no money to spend for *preventive* work, for removing the people to where there will be no need of their being hungry and naked and sick and ignorant and shelterless.

Some day philanthropists will recognize that, at the present hour, there are other and nearer duties than endowing universities or founding libraries, or other kindred institutions. Useful as these are, we cannot but class them with luxuries when contemplating the horrors of the ghettoes and slums, the havoc of life and possibility that is wrought there daily, because of a lack of work and wage, of room and health. When a great mass of people clamors for bread, and menaces the peace and safety of the community, and breeds and disseminates disease by reason of its filthy environments, it is idle to hope that they will be calmed by the reports of the tens of millions of dollars that have been given for larger opportunity for the study of Greek or Latin or Hebrew or other cognate languages, for unearthing buried fossils or buried peoples or buried civilizations, when there are hundreds of thousands of people at the present day who are buried beneath piles of misery deeper than the sand heaps that cover ancient Babylon or ancient Troy. In well regulated homes it is not customary to serve cake and candy before the staples of food have been served with which to satisfy the cravings of hunger. May we not expect of philanthropists the wisdom displayed by the average housekeeper?

Last year, we are told, some one hundred millions of dollars were donated in our country by philanthropists for purposes of higher education. For that sum of money twenty thousand small farms could have been purchased and equipped at an average cost of $5,000 each, and these twenty thousand farms could have, within a short time, supported healthily and happily, one hundred thousand souls, by far the greater part of whom are today dependent on the charities, or are wasting away because of a want of it. And every cent of the money thus expended could have been made returnable, after a few years, to the loaners or to the respective communities. Had that sum of money been donated for the training of lads in the science and practice of agriculture, such as is given at *The National Farm School*, near Philadelphia, the mere interest of it would have sufficed to free annually one thousand young men from the thraldom of the congested city, and prepare them to lead annually thousands of suffering and dependent people to health and wealth and happiness.

Some day our legislators will recog-

nize their duty more clearly than they do now. Some day they will appreciate better than now that their land is their best asset, that it yields richer returns than all the gold mines of California and Alaska, than all the silver mines of Nevada or Colorado, or all the coal mines of Pennsylvania. Some day they will cease speaking of barring the door to the immigrant because of his present tendency to congest the cities, often for no fault of his own. Some day they will take him by the hand, and lead him forth to the broad lands, and start him on a farm, where he is needed, where a prosperous future awaits him, where he must remain—if he is to continue in the land —a reasonable length of time, at least until he has reimbursed the country for its outlay on him.

In the mean time, until philanthropists and legislators recognize these truths and act upon them, there is much that can be done by the States possessing vast areas of fertile,unoccupied lands. Having the lands that need people, their best efforts must be directed toward bringing the landless people upon the peopleless land. Convinced that they have what the landless people need, convinced that theirs is the power to deliver the submerged from poverty and its attendant miseries, they ought not to exhaust their energies with mere wishing, but should go forth to the poor of the cities with their good tidings.

When certain religious peoples believed that they were in possession of truths that involved the redemption of man, they believed it strongly strongly enough to impel them to traverse lands and seas as missionaries, to brave savage and wild beast, torrid and frigid zone, in order to share their blessings with those in need of them. If it is the belief of the States possessing vast, unocupied, fertile lands that they have good reason for believing it, then let them send forth their missionaries to the slums and ghettoes with the new and needed gospel: *For the Landless People the Peopleless Land!*

The National Farm School has been preaching this gospel continuously since its founding fourteen years ago. Its hundreds of graduates, some of them owners of their own acres, on which or near which they have assembled their relatives whom they have redeemed from ghetto-bondage, others of them heads of large estates, others in the service of the Agricultural Department of the United States, giving to the farmers of the land the benefit of the training they obtained, are the missionaries whom it has sent forth to preach this gospel.

The National Farm School desires to do more. For the good of humanity, for the sake of the countless thousands who may thereby be saved from the appalling miseries depicted above, and for the sake of the countless thousands who are threatened with seeing closed in their faces the portals to the haven of refuge and persecution whither their eyes are straining and their hearts yearning, it needs to do more. It should have the ability to receive the hundreds of young men who are eager for its benefits and for whom it has no room; who after a space could go out to the world and preach and practice this new gospel.

The National Farm School can do no more than it is doing now with its limited resources. The school is crowded to overflowing, yet the number of students is small. Ten times that number clamor for admittance and cannot be admitted. I appeal to your generosity, to your self-interest, to your public interest, to your solicitude for the weal of our people! Make it possible for *The National Farm School* to bid enter all who knock at its doors—to train that army of leaders and pioneers who will lead *the landless people to the peopleless land.*

Christening a Press in South America

N. P. Pogose
(In The Printing Trade News)

IN the different countries of the world there are many curious and interesting customs connected with the ancient and honorable art of printing that are unknown to the fraternity in the United States and that lift it above the sordid money-making (?) business that prevails in the United States to-day, due to the cost movement. One of the curious customs of the craft in Mexico, and one which is generally observed throughout the Spanish-American countries of Central and South America, is that of baptizing the new presses and christening the new plant upon its inauguration or change of ownership.

When a new plant is opened, invitations are issued by the management to a christening of the plant. A godfather, or *Padrino*, as he is called in Spanish, is appointed sponsor for the new plant. After a careful investigation into the qualifications for the honor of being *Padrino*, the writer has concluded that to be a large buyer of printing is one of the most important qualifications for landing that high office.

Upon the day appointed for the christening the building is gayly decorated with flags, bunting and flowers. To give your readers some idea of the profusion and cheapness of flowers in Mexico, I will say, without fear of contradiction, that there are more flowers at the funeral of a well-to-do Mexican than many of the richest in the United States could afford to lavish on their departed ones.

The several presses are clothed in the baptismal garments, and holy candles that have been blessed by the priest are placed around them. The guests assemble and the *Padrino* takes his place at the head of the press to be baptized in order to vouch for its good behavior in the future. The *Padrino* reads a service in Latin that nobody understands, sprinkles the press with holy water and blesses it, praying that during its lifetime it will be a good press, do its work faithfully and well, and thereby enable it to go where all good presses go when their careers are finished and they are sold to the junk man for old iron. The *Padrino* agrees to be responsible for the good conduct of the press.

Each press is blessed separately, and that concludes the religious part of the ceremonies. For some unaccountable reason it does not appear necessary to bless the cases or other paraphernalia in the pressroom, including the case men, stone men and pressmen. Maybe they are considered to be beyond the pale and not in need of the *Padrino's* blessing.

After the religious ceremony the *Padrino* makes the principal speech of the day, if in the riotous abundance of speeches that follow, any one of them could be said to be the principal one. At any rate, he makes the first speech and felicitates the management upon the happy event. The management responds in equally complimentary and felicitious terms. Then the pressman who is to have charge of the new press makes his talk. The employees and friends of the house make speeches, and after everybody has been heard a banquet is served in the pressroom, which varies in point of magnificence from the champagne lunch of the more pretentious plants to the humble beer and sandwich of the small shop. The "spirit" begins to move to and fro, and more speeches follow. Then the floor is cleared, and joy reigns unconfined for a considerable time, to

the swirl of the "light fantastic." At the christening dance all social conditions are put aside, and godfather, *Padrino*, guests and the humblest employees meet upon the level, and while the godfather dances around the middle with the scrubwoman, the superintendent of the plant balances on the corners with the bindery girl.

The boss pressman, Felipe Sanchez, told the writer confidentially that the other press had been installed and running for some days when it was christened, and that during that time it was the devil's own press, and that no good work could be done on it, but that after it had been properly christened it never gave the least trouble, and has been in constant operation day and night for the past year or more, without causing its *Padrino* any grief whatsoever. That is why he decided to take no chances on the new Optimus, and invoke the blessing before turning the wheels. There is no doubt that Senor Sanchez is a firm believer in his machines being duly baptized and received into the faith, but there is also no doubt but that the well-known qualities of the Optimus may have had something to do with the ultimate results.

(This article was illustrated, but we were unable to secure the picture in time to use it.

The "altar" had been erected over the press, and was a perfect facsimile of the smaller altars in Roman Catholic churches,bedecked with "blessed" candles, flowers and the like. The priest of the church was there, also in full regalia, crucifix and all.—The Editor.)

The Island of Soul

Macon Earl Evans

Know you, My Love, the land where the flowers
Are lifting their lips to the kiss of the sun;
Where the heart of the rose and the bright golden hours
Are pulsing with fragrance and beating as one?
Know you the land where the waters go leaping
And laughing of romance and bubbling with fun;
Where the stars cuddle close and the wind, softly creeping
Around, is as velvet which fairies have spun?

'Tis the land where the amorous wave is confessing
Its love to the listening ear of the skies;
Where the luminous glory of heaven, expressing
Its fulness resplendent in azure disguise,
Descends on beholders a radiant blessing—
The Island of Soul in the sea of your eyes.

The Romanists Begin a Criminal Prosecution of Mr. Watson

"TODAY, Romanism cannot be uncovered, unless a man is ready to stand fine and imprisonment."

This statement was made by Dr. Justin Fulton, in 1888, when he was about to launch his terrible exposure of Romanism, in his book, "Why Priests Should Wed."

It is indeed an appalling exposure of priestly crimes, priestly frauds, priestly debaucheries, priestly greed, and priestly imposture.

Perhaps the most astounding of his revelations is the "Substitute for Marriage," sanctioned by Pope Pius IX, in 1866. This institution is a secret order within the priesthood; and it is a Papal Mormonism which can never acknowledge the wives and the children—although the priestly members of this inner circle have unlimited access to the nuns, and children are born in due course.

Strange to say, Doctor Fulton's fearful arraignment of the priesthood was never answered, nor was he ever prosecuted, although he continued to preach the Gospel in New York many years after his great dynamic book was published.

But the Romanists are stronger now than they were in 1888. They are bolder and more aggressive.

They claim to have 15,000,000 followers in the United States. They have, in fact, about half that number. Even these are so scattered that they amount to little in general elections. It is only in the cities where they are organized that they control; and they would not control in the cities were it not for the cowardice and the venality of our editors and politicians.

Presuming upon this cowardice and upon their claim to a following of 15,000,000, the Romanist priesthood is attempting to put the Inquisition into operation. These traitors who are oath-bound to obey a foreign potentate, and who are not entitled to the privileges of American citizenship, are steadily encroaching upon the Freedom of the Press.

Stealthily and persistently they have been at work to so change our postal laws as to prevent any publisher from showing them up in their true light.

They know that if their own dupes ever realize what Roman Catholicism actually is, their stupendous imposture will crumble to pieces.

They want our postal laws so modified as to prevent OBSCENITY OF PRACTICE from being exposed.

Obscenity of practice cannot be described without using language that is obscene. Can it?

Can sodomy be defined chastely?

When the Bible tells us about Lot's daughters, the passage is obscene.

When we are told, in Genesis 38-9, about the Jew who was commanded to take his dead brother's widow, the description of what he did is obscene.

Beginning with verse 10, the remainder of 23rd Deuteronomy is obscene.

Beginning with verse 10, the remainder of 20th Leviticus is obscene.

Much of 18th Leviticus is obscene.

The well known passage in the New Testament where the Magdalene is "taken in the very act," suggests a picture that is obscene.

But who would think of prosecuting any one for sending the Bible through the mails?

Medical books, and medical magazines are full of obscenity, but who would prosecute the publishers?

As in the case of the Bible, *the motive* is commendable; and *custom* has established a law in their favor.

Senate Document 190, contains much obscenity. It contains the evidence taken by the Taft Commission in the Philippines, concerning the monstrous cruelties and immoralities of the Roman Catholic friars. President McKinley sent it to the upper House, and the document was printed by the Government. It has been going through the mails for years, and without objection.

The report of the Homes Commission appointed by President Roosevelt contains matter that is obscene. Yet the Government published it, and it goes through the mails—or did until it was suppressed. It was suppressed, not because of the obscenity, but because of the frightful conditions in American homes that it exposed.

The official reports on the White Slave Traffic contain much necessary obscenity. In fact, the whole subject belongs to the domain of the obscene.

Yet the reports are published, and they go through the mails.

To Dr. Sanger's "History of Prostitution," the obscene is indispensable—since his topic itself is.

But in these cases, the motive was praise-worthy, and *custom* has established the right to publish and to mail.

In 1880, Father Chiniquy copyrighted the book entitled, "The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional." Forty-three thousand copies—at least—of that book have been sent through the mails.

It contains, in substance, the very statements for which I am being prosecuted.

In the work which the Jordan Brothers (Philadelphia) published in 1892, occur the Latin questions taken from Peter Dens, the Romanist theologian, for the republication of which I am prosecuted.

By 1895 the book had reached a 12th edition, thousands of copies having gone through the mails without molestation.

The very books from which I quoted are to be found—I am told—in the Library of Congress. Senator Bacon telegraphed me to that effect.

I am not prosecuted because of anything which I myself wrote.

The Romanists are trying to put me in the penitentiary, *because I quoted FROM ONE OF THEIR OWN DIABOLICAL BOOKS.*

Those books slip and slide, from hand to hand, among the priesthood. The Catholic laymen are not allowed to know the contents of those horrible books.

The Catholic laymen are kept in ignorance of the vile inquisition to which their wives, sisters and daughters are subjected in the Confessional box.

Therefore, when I lay before the general public the damning facts—the corrupting, the degrading, the unspeakably obscene questions that the priests put to the women, in the privacy of Confession, these monsters of lust, deceitfulness and depravity rise, white with rage, against one who dares expose their hellish methods.

Without denying that I had published accurately the libidinous questions which these befrocked bachelors ask married women, they have me arrested like a common felon.

Without denying that the Confessional box is a feeder to houses of ill-fame, they have me haled to a Federal court as a corruptor of public morals.

Without denying that they have been the ruin of thousands of confiding women, and the fathers of innumerable illegitimates, they are bending every energy to destroy my business and to conceal the frightful truth about themselves from the American people.

Driven out of France, driven out of

Portugal, barely tolerated in Spain, utterly discredited in Italy, these Jesuitized pagans have concentrated on America.

"Make America Catholic!" Such are the orders from Rome.

They will never do it.

They may crush me, and a hundred others like me; but the flames of revolt are at last burning, and nothing can stop them.

Rome has seen its best day in this country.

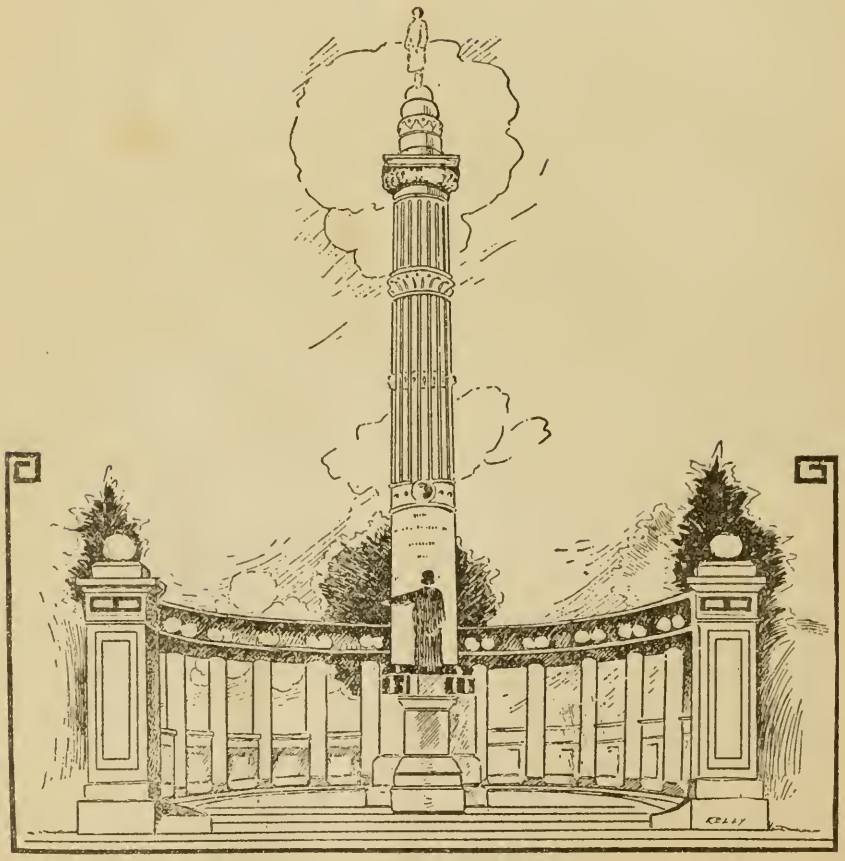
It will never have another docile Cleveland.

It will never have another Roosevelt.

It will never have another Taft.

The Guardians of Liberty and the Socialists, and the Masons, the Junior Order of American Mechanic, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the non-Catholics generally will see to that.

(I was put under a bond of $500—not $5,000 as some despatches had it. The Federal grand jury cannot act on the case until November next.)



The Suiciding of Brutus Less

James Howard Graves

DELIGHT LESS, pausing in her pie making, leaned as far out of the pantry window as her breadth and the cramped dimensions of the window would permit, and laid a violent hand on the tender top shoots of an evergreen which threatened eventually to darken the pantry. She gave a guilty backward look into the empty kitchen, and then twisted the puny branchlets sharply. It was a performance whose frequency accounted for the stunted growth of the tree.

As she began again to mix her pie-crust, she broke into a whisper, "'N' I says, 'Sile Bates, git your axe 'n' a good saw 'n' come up 'n' cut down them cypresses for me. Can't ye git nothin' through your head? The place belongs to me, not *him*. *He* planted 'em just to spite me, 'n' I won't be spited no longer. I want that you should begin on the sittin'-room window ones first, and then take 'em in order right around the house, 'n' be sure you cut down all them along the front walk, for I've set and et and slept in a graveyard as long as I'm goin' to!'"

Mrs. Less finished her monologue and confined her attention to pie-crust, gazing at it out of the extreme upper edge of one spectacle and the extreme lower edge of the other as the glasses see-sawed across her short, fat nose. Her heavy black hair was drawn back tightly and twisted just behind her right ear, giving her head a one-sided appearance. In the days when there had been appreciative eyes to notice, the hair had loosely and softly framed a full round face which was made for smiles. The face was still round, but the smiles had disappeared, and in their place lingered a half-sad, half-wistful expression strangely at variance with the tenor of the monologues in which she gave vent to the overflow of a strong nature warped and twisted by the "spiting" process. When her hands were busy and her whisper still, she grated her teeth together, their activity being inversely proportioned to the activity of her hands.

Presently, over the bare kitchen floor came a step-clump-tap, step-clump-tap, accompanied by a hoarse, bass sound which rumbled and rattled violently around a roomy throat, until, brought nearer the surface, it resolved itself into a "Here-r-r-r-r!"

Delight turned, her hands scattering flour and lard, and looked into the kitchen, her face unconsciously hardening. "Now I want to know," she began raising her voice, "what it is you want? Ye can see for yourself how I'm right in the middle of this pie 'n' can't stop till I finish. D'ye hear?" Her voice rapidly ascended the scale, although she was not speaking to deaf ears.

All the response she received was another "Here-r-r-r-r!" and a dirty hoe was slammed down on her polished floor.

Then the step-clump-tap crossed the kitchen, and the sitting-room door was shut with a violence that rattled the cups on the shelves.

Delight stared fixedly at the hoe. "'N' I says," she whispered, "'Pick up that hoe 'n' use it yourself. I've done my share in pervidin' a garden for you to work. It ain't safe for a woman of my heft to work in the hot sun, 'n' I've quit it!'"

After which defiant address she washed her hands, obediently picked up the hoe and betook her two hundred pounds of solid "heft" out into the garden, where with much puffing and

grating of teeth she finished hoeng the first row of potatoes early deserted by her husband.

When she returned to the kitchen she found the fire out and the oven cold. She was just bending ove r handful of shavings with a match when she was interrupted by a "Here-r-r-r!" She jerked herself straight and looked down, a long way down, on her lord and master, who stood in the doorway fixing his gimlet eyes on her in an unwinking stare.

Nature, aided by sciatic rheumatism and abetted by the Less disposition, had turned out a remarkable piece of work in Brutus Less. Nature originally made him a short man, but walked him perpendicularly on both feet. The rheumatism shortened one leg, causing his back to assume a horizontal position when he walked. A careful cultivation of inherited tendencies did the rest.

He refused to shave, and the only oasis of hairlessness above the collar of his flannel short was a low forehead with an adjacent large nose and high cheek-bones, supporting small, prominent gray eyes. A ragged beard added breadth, and gave ferocity to his face. The expression he further enhanced by drawing in his lips, causing his grizzly whiskers to stick out like porcupine quills. His gray hair bobbed about in numerous curls, the length and size of Delight's forefinger.

Taking him as he stood, on his cane and his one straight leg, the other drawn out from the hip and swinging at the knee, his whiskers protruding and his curls waving, one realized the peculiar fitness of the shortened name by which he was known at the Bend, a nickname which was the only legacy left by the elder "Brute" on the occasion of his hurried departure from this world.

"What d'ye want?" Delight asked, fitting a hand over either hip.

Naturally social, she could not refrain from numerous remarks to which she expected no response, Brutus having ceased to waste oral language on her since the day her father's will revealed the displeasing fact that the snug sum of her inheritance had been so secured that her husband could not lay hands on the principal.

"What d'ye want now?" she demanded again, whereas Brutus silently dropped to the horizontal, and step-clump-tapped on his leather sole, his cork sole and his cane through the sitting-room, darkened by the dense cypresses, and up the front stairs. In the hall a black cat, crouching in the shadows, sprang to his shoulders, lashing a long tail.

"Good Divil! Good Divil," croaked Brutus, stroking the big black head. He vouchsafed speech to Devil, his pet.

"My sakes!" sighed Delight in dismay. "Have I got to climb them stairs?"

She rubbed her back with her knuckles. Bending over a hoe had not lessened the ache which too much housework had caused. Her feet were full of pains, each a stinging remonstrance against bearing her weight another step, while her head throbbed from exposure to the hot sun.

"*Have* I got to climb them stairs?" she asked again, replying immediately to her useless question by following Brutus.

"'N' I says," she whispered, stumbling through the sitting-room, "'Amandy Bates, you put on your sunbunnit 'n' apron 'n' come over 'n' help me red up today. I've clumb stairs all I've a call to with my heft. *He* moved up just to spite me and I won't be spited no more.'"

In the gloom of the hall her plump chin quivered a trifle, but she snapped her teeth together resolutely. So accustomed had she become to traveling through the vale of tears that she seldom contributed her quota to the

mist of the valley. Therefore it was with dry eyes that she arrived in "his" room, speechless.

Brutus sat in front of a small table, absorbed in a cheerful contemplation of a collection of vials arranged in a row along the only ray of sunlight which escaped through the tall top of a cedar. Devil was still perched on his shoulder watching the operation out of gleaming green eyes.

When Delight appeared, breathing heavily, Brutus closed one hand lovingly around a bottle labeled "Arsenic," while he jerked the other thumb toward the old-fashioned bureau. He communicated with Delight by means of signs.

Casting fearful yet fascinated glances over her shoulder at the death-dealing display in the sunlight, she carefully cleared away the fragments of the broken glass from the top of the bureau, and, receiving no further commands, departed. Her feet fell heavily from stair to stair, her thoughts intent on the scene above. The sight was by no means new, but never failed to terrify her, for she was given to understand that so lightly did Brutus value life that he was willing to leave it at any moment, especially any moment when his way did not prevail in all matters!

In the kitchen she shivered nervously over the cold range, whispering in weak indignation, "'Nn' I says, 'If you're bound to die, don't you go and use that rope.'" She glanced fearfully around in the direction of the woodshed door as she spoke. "Take pizen. That's awful enough, but it's more quiet and respectable. It does seem as if I couldn't stand it to cut down another corpse like I had to cut down yer pa, 'n' it ain't right to expect me to, neither. If ye use the rope it'll be just to spite me.'"

She could never bring herself to look again at this slender instrument of death, which hung coiled and ready for further service behind the woodshed door. Twenty years had passed since the elder Brutus, in a rare moment of consideration for his family, had consecrated it to the use of those who wish to escape life.

After dinner Delight wearily dragged a little rocker out into the sunshine of the narrow back walk and sat down. Her hands were idle. A big sunbonnet shaded her face. The wistful expression deepened in her eyes as she gazed down on the village of the Bend, which lay beneath at the foot of the hill. She was marking the homes of her girlhood friends, now strangers by the silent order of Brutus.

Presently, she turned her eyes toward the litte barn at the foot of the walk and began to whisper, "'N' I says, 'This income is none of it yours 'n' I ain't a-goin' to indorse another check over to you. I'm goin' to use my own money on my own place. I hain't had a cent of the interest to use since pa died, and I'm goin' to have it now no matter what you up and do,'" with a look of weak defiance at the barn which was always associated in her mind with the rope. "'I'm goin' to use the next check to fix up that barn into a henhouse and you can't stop me. You've never let me have a hen around, and I've always wanted to have fresh aigs.'"

Delight invariably gave eggs as the reason for her desire to raise hens. But almost unconsciously, she longed for the presence of living things which would respond to her care even with noisy cacklings.

Suddenly, step-clamp-tap sounded behind her and Brutus appeared with Devil on his shoulder. Arriving at her chair he gave it a poke with his cane and waited, eyeing her with much the same expression as shone from the cat's watchful green eyes.

"What do ye always make me move for?" Delight demanded, but even as she spoke she began to raise herself as

rapidly as her avoirdupois would allow. Dragging her chair off the walk she watched Brutus cripple past. Originally his height had been five feet six, but in her eyes he had the appearance, even now, of being six feet five!

She stood grating her teeth until he disappeared into the garden. Then reseating herself she broke into an outraged whisper. "'N' I says, 'There's fifteen good clear rods of grass each side of this walk, 'n' if you want to git past me ye can pick out any one of the fifteen 'n' walk by on it, so there! Ye sha'n't spite me this way no longer!'"

Later in the day she paused in front of the pantry window, telling herself she was "clean beat out and all trembly." The "trembly" feeling was accounted for by a long-drawn, throaty, hoarse sound from the woodshed, and the creaking of the door behind which she never dared to look. Brutus was gloating over the rope, but, as usual, he seemed to be meeting with some difficulty in determining on his mode of exit from life.

To lure him from the contemplation of that awful rope, Delight drew from the oven some muffins, whose delicious odor penetrated to the woodshed. Then she hastily called, "Supper!"

Brutus came scowling and reluctant, Devil on his shoulder. In the same amiable mood he sat back in his chair and stared at the numerous dishes. Then he turned his plate bottom side up with a bang, and fixed his eyes on a vacant spot in the middle of the table. This signified that he desired something not in sight.

Delight arose, and put her aching arms akimbo. "What d'ye want now?" she asked weakly.

No response.

She went into the pantry and came out loaded with bread, cheese and doughnuts, which she tendered the man of silence.

His eyes remained fixed.

The next trip larderward produced cold boiled eggs, hermit cookies and rice pudding. "Now can't you go to work and eat these?" she inquired in a faint-hearted tone.

Motionless silence.

Again she surveyed the table. She had exhausted the resources of the pantry, but there was the cellar.

"'N' I says," she whispered, lumbering down the cellar stairs, "'You've acted like all possessed ever since I didn't get your curls to suit ye this mornin'. All ye wear them curls for, anyway, is to spite me because I'm ashamed to have 'em seen on your head!'"

Canned cherries, quince jelly and pineapple sauce were presently before Brutus, who, at the sight of the jelly, was pleased to appear slightly mollified, and, for one perpetually tired of life, he partook largely of its good things with smacks savoring of satisfaction.

Delight was too tired to eat.

The spiting process was continued up to the time when Delght, having made four trips upstairs to fetch articles which Brutus had forgotten, made ready for bed herself.

"'N' I says," she whispered sleepily, tying on her nightcap, "'I won't stand another such day as this. It ain't right to tucker me to death this way. If you don't want to live, *I* do, so there!'"

At midnight she was awakened by a rumbling of r's, and the pounding of the cane on the floor above. Slowly she raised her white-capped head and listened.

"What did I forget now?" she asked of the ceiling, but the angry thump, thump did not enlighten her. She found and lighted her tallow-dip. Her feet protested against her weight, while her spine seemed to creak with every motion.

"Oh, yes; it's his blood powders!" she exclaimed in a sudden illumination

of memory. "Now, why couldn't he tell me before I went to bed!"

Holding the tin candlestick above her head, she sleepily shuffled her slippers into the pantry, and reached for a large, square-labeled bottle. Pouring a glass half full of water she dropped a spoon into it, and, thus burdened, labored up the stairs, the flickering dip casting a huge, grotesque shadow behind her.

Brutus received her sitting up in bed, the quilts piled over his knees, above which an awe-inspiring head appeared. A close cap of red flannel pushed the tops of his large ears straight out, and projected over his forehead a mass of tangled hair, which was matched beneath his cheek-bones by a projecting, tangled beard. His eyes, set and unwinking, seemed to bore into Delight's face.

Setting the candle on a stand at the head of the bed, she poured out a liberal supply of powder and stirred it, while Brutus growled impatiently, and Devil, from the other pillow, meowed in sympathy.

She handed the mixture to her husband, who raised it, still growling. Suddenly he arrested his hand, his gaze fixed on the bottle. The rumbling died in his throat. He moved the glass back slowly until it rested on his knee.

"It's just what you want," announced Delight sleepily. "'N' now that you've got it, swaller it!"

That he did not obey did not amaze her, but the remarkable change which his face underwent did. His lower jaw relaxed, pointing all his whiskers downward at an abject angle. The ugly gleam died out of his eyes, leaving them old and faded. He began to wink, and, once started, was unable to stop. The muscles over his cheek-bones jerked and crawled spasmodically. The hand, resting on his knee, shook until the glass slipped to the floor and lay in a hundred pieces, while Brutus slid down on his pillow, quaking, blinking and gasping.

Delight stood and stared one long horrified moment at this complete collapse. Then she reached speechlessly for the candle. As its light fell on the label of the bottle her eyes widened in terror, and her tongue was paralyzed. Not realizing that her movements were surprisingly deliberate, she descended the stairs and reached her room. With the candle in one hand and the bottle in the other, she sat on the edge of the bed, her faculties in a state of suspended animation, awaiting developments in the room above, while before her eyes the letters on the label enlarged until all space seemed filled by the words *Paris green!*

The clock struck one, and the candle burned low, but the expected summons had not come. Brutus was surprisingly quiet. The half-hour struck, and the candle spluttered in its socket.

Then Delight arose, stiff in every joint, set the candle and bottle on the bureau, and began whispering mechanically, "'X' I says, 'I was that sleepy that I just went into the pantry and yanked a bottle down from the shelf where your bottle always set and got this. I'd no idea of gettin' the Paris green that I was goin' to use on the potato bugs bright and early tomorrow morning'."

She paused, grating her teeth, and this habit restored her mental circulation. Now, surprising ideas assailed her. The thought of her own almost fatal blunder paled before the recollection of the abject terror with which the apostles of self-destruction had regarded the death-dealing potion and its innocent giver. Then it was that the welcome truth dawned upon her that, like mor ordinary mortals, Brutus still loved to contemplate death a long way off.

The following morning she arose with her ideas in a jumble. She got breakfast ready and waited. It was

her custom to go upstairs before straining the coffee and comb her husband's hair, shaping each of the thirty little curls over her finger, but today such was her perturbation that she forgot her task, and there was no sound from the upper region to remind her. She moved restlessly about, picking things up and setting them down aimlessly. Her face wore a dazed expression. The rooms from which the cypresses excluded the light oppressed her, and she took her rocker out on the back walk and sat down. For a while she rocked heavily and drank in the cool air, the songs of the birds and the scents of the June day, trying to steady her thoughts. Then on the walk behind her sounded the old familiar ,step-clump-tap, step-clump-tap and, raven-like, "R-r-r-r, good Divil, good Divil."

Surreptitiously, she regarded Brutus out of the corner of her eye, and was amazed to find that, after the events of the night, he measured only fixe feet six! A dim realization of the meaning of the change assailed her. She worked her apron between her hands, whispering, "Darst I?" and waited breathless.

Poke came the cane in her side. It was the moving signal, but she did not budge. Instead, she heard herself saying glibly, "'N' I says, 'There's fifteen rods of good clean grass each side of this walk, 'n' if you want to get past me ye can pick any one of the fifteen 'n' walk by on it. So there! Ye sha'n't spite me this way no longer.'"

She had "darst," but her heart paused in its motion, although her rocker did not. There was a brief but awful silence, and then Brutus, picking out that rod of grass lying just behind her chair, walked past on it, and step-clump-tapped hastily into the garden, his whiskers drooping, and Devil's tail sulkily lashing his shoulders.

It was the first time in twenty years that Delight had had her own way. She arose as in a dream and went into the kitchen. The table showed that Brutus and Devil had breakfasted. "'N' on cold stuff, on cold stuff!" she muttered, resting her hands on her hips.

She glanced around vacantly on the familiar objects in the room until her eyes rested on the sunbonnet hung against the beam. Mechanically she tied it on, and found herself going through the house and along the gloomy, shaded front walk exactly as she had planned to do a thousand times. She turned to her left at the gate and raised a trail of yet heavy damp dust in the direction of Silas Bate's house. She met that individual at his door.

"How'dy, Mis' Less!" he yelled, although Delight stood within two feet of him. A loud voice was Silas's idea of cordiality.

Delight made no answering greeting. She scarcely saw Silas Bates. She was looking out of her pantry window and thinking, only she thought aloud now, "'N' I says, 'Sile Bates, git your axe 'n' a good saw 'n' come up 'n' cut down them cypresses for me.'" Sile's mouth and eyes opened so wide that her next remark proved uncomfortably appropriate. "'Can't ye get nothin' through your head? The place belongs to *me*, not to *him*. *He* planted 'em just to spite me, 'n' I won't be spited no longer.'" Sile, leaning weakly against the door-jamb, pulled his hat off and scratched his head. "'I want that you should begin on the sittin'-room window ones first, and then take 'em in order right around the house, 'n' be sure ye cut all them along the front walk down, for I've set 'n' et 'n' slept in a graveyard as long as I'm goin' to!'"

Sile, slipping off the door-jamb, just saved himself from falling, as he said hurriedly, "Yes, Mis' Less, I ain't got no great sight of work to do today. I'll be up inside an hour."

His reply partially restored Delight to herself and to the knowledge of what she had done. Her temerity suddenly chilled her, for there was the rope! It was possible that Brutus, while objecting strongly to shuffling off this mortal coil through gastronomic disturbances, might still be favorably inclined to the dislocating process.

She returned hastily to the house and bodly entered the woodshed. The memory of Brutus, walking without a protest around her chair, went far toward bolstering up the courage which enabled her to pull at the door behind which hung the dreaded rope. With inward quakings she looked at it for the first time since the day she had cut it just above the head of the swinging elder Brutus. She gave one look and then ejaculated, "Sakes alive!" There it hung, old and rotting, beneath a leak in the roof. With an expression of disgust she laid violent hands on it, and the strands parted in her fingers. Indignantly she pushed the door back and returned to the kitchen.

"'N' I says," she began, piling the dishes into the sink, "'That rope ain't stout enough to hang a flea with, and you've known it all along. Ye thought I'd never darst to look at it, and ye've kept it there to just scare me with!'"

She had lifted the pancake turner when a sound smote her ear and caused the turner to slip through her fingers into the dshpan. It was Sile's axe in motion in front of the sitting-room windows. She listened intently. There were sounds of a hasty descent of the front stairs, succeeded by an angry, rumbling voice. Then Sile's high-pitched tones in words every syllable of which was spiced with satisfaction:

"Can't help it, Brute. Yer wife set me at the job. Said it's her place, not yours, and she's goin' to have these 'ere signs of a graveyard cut down! Don't wonder at it, neither!"

The sitting-room door banged open and Brutus appeared in the kitchen with Devil's tail angrily active. The cat regarded Delight out of malevolent eyes, but Brutus made for the woodshed, looking neither to the right nor the left. His whiskers were at a belligerent angle, but there was a curiously weak motion in his eyelids.

He jerked the woodshed door open violently, ran his arms through the coils of the rope, and step-clump-tapped furiously down the walk. At the barn door he stopped, hesitated, and involuntarily glanced over his shoulder, but Delight, for the first time, was not following.

She was watching from the kitchen window, tremblingly grasping the edge of the sink.

Her fear, the result of a twenty-year-old habit, was rescued by her reason, supported by the events of the last twelve hours.

"'N' I says, 'Ye know you're afraid to die. All these years you've pretended to want to just to spite me 'n' git your own way—'n' the money—'n' now—it's—my—turn——'"

Her reason was slowly yielding to her fear, and her lips shook out the last words. Then speech failed her entirely, but she did not move from the window, held there by the knowledge that the rope was old, broken, rotten—still, she held her breath. Three minutes passed—five—an eternity!

Then the barn door opened softly. A small, dejected man squeezed himself through the opening, glacing furtively toward the kitchen. The rope was not in evidence. The cane had been replaced by a hoe, and, with Devil purring meekly at his heels, Brutus Less sought the second row of unhoed potatoes.

The Realm of Marriage

Julian Kitchin

MARRIAGE has been defined by a great legal writer as a civil contract. Scientists speak of it in terms of evolution and natural selection. The Bible is the authority of the othordox for considering marriage a sacred institution created by God. These terms are not inconsistent. The word marriage is employed to represent both the ceremony and the relation which is assumed through the ceremony. The classic Anglo-Saxon derivative, wedlock, perhaps better defines the status, and wedding the ceremony, as covenant, the root meaning of the word, more correctly sets forth the relations of the parties. Each covenants with the other and both unite in covenanting with society in general.

We know that it is a relation of fundamental importance, burdened with the essentially difficult and vital duty of holding together the best of everything and of perpetuating the existence of mankind.

Whatever its primeval origin or its history may be, it is to-day, everywhere in civilized society recognized as the basis of home life—the initial social unit around which is woven the fabric of government, that complex intricate organization which is broadly termed society. And from this we may easily draw the conclusion that the stability of the covenants of wedlock and the inviolability of the wedding vows are among the dependable features for the ultimate preservation of this government. Any weakening or unshaping of the social fabric through the careless and ill considered entry into the ranks of the married or through easy and improperly safeguarded divorce laws are consequently pregnant with potential possibilities for the disruption and disintegration of the State.

If we take the common law view we must regard marriage as a civil contract. True it possesses the elements of a civil contract, but it possesses something more than that. On the other hand it is not mutually dissoluble. The consideration is not entirely within the meaning of the civil contract, although the ostensible consideration for the contract is an intangible something that cannot be hauled before the courts, cannote be handled by laws and statutes, and is completely beyond the reach of the legal machinery. It can neither be enforced, prohibited, nor restrained by the courts. Mutual affection is the term that is used to convey to the mind a moderate idea of this subtle indefinable influence which attracts and unites the two persons and causes them to assume the relation which the law writers say is a civil contract, but which they properly treat most fully under the subject of Domestic Relations.

The vital importance of the relation upon the progress and development of the world is perhaps evident to all, and it must naturally occur that we turn for a moment to see how the relation is being safeguarded and preserved, and to what extent the parties are performing the obligations of their covenants.

During the twenty year period from 1887 to 1906, 945,625 divorces were granted to the wife, that is, in 629,476 cases out of the total number of divorces granted, the wife was the petitioner for the dissolution of the marriage. A third of these cases, or something over two hundred thousand were for desertion. Of the total number of divorces granted 38.9 per cent were on

the ground of desertion and this ground was responsible for one half of the divorces granted upon the application of the husband. 28.7 per cent of those granted to husbands were grounded upon adultery of the wife; ten per cent of those granted to wives were for adultery of the husband. The next highest percentage is for cruelty, and drunkenness is a close second to that. Drunkenness was the direct or contributory cause of 130,287 divorces. Eighty-five per cent of the total number of divorces were obtained without a contest, and in the fifteen per cent of cases where a contest is recorded it is unlikely that any real contest was waged except as a matter of conformation to the laws against collusion.

The average duration of marriages ending in divorces was ten years and the number of divorces reaches the maximum in the fifth year of marriage. One figure that is somewhat surprising is the number of divorces granted during the period to couples after twenty-five years married—24,143. In over two hundred thousand cases separation took place within one year, and in over sixty per cent of the cases there were no children.

These figures are not startling, but are evidence of conditions that call for improvement. The ideal life is that of the happily married, and, generally speaking, to be happily married is the aim and purpose of every person who enters into that relation. After marriage, however, and within a very short time, little traits of character previously unsuspected are apt to crop out. Little hobbies perhaps, little vanities—absurdities maybe—natural to the one, appear to be impossible to the other, and without realizing the peril with which the undertaking is surrounded the offended spouse is prone to set about to bring about some reform. At this early period this is an extremely perilous task, and only men and women of superior wisdom, inexhaustible tact, unsurpassed generalship should think of it. However, those who knew least about the subject are most likely to undertake it, and there are, perhaps, few natures so strong as to be able to resist the temptation to continue these little habits in the face of aggravating opposition. Most of the little habits and vices of mankind are supported by a mental attitude which the psychologist describes as egotism, and usually they do not appear to their owners quite so absurdly as they do to other people, and many people have an idea that somehow odd ways and peculiar habits distinguish them in some way and to attempt peremptorily to obliterate them may be received as an insult, and under such conditions, instead of improving matters, worse features may develop.

A little bit of obstinacy—a little of that subtle and over rated force called will-power—is often the foundation for a series of misunderstandings that culminate in the divorce court. To boast of this quality is not uncommon to either sex. Persons apparently well balanced mentally in other respects are frequently found laboring under the lamentable mistake that if one once gets on the wrong side, to stay there is evidence of a strong will power, and that to turn back and choose the right side is a manifestation of weakness and lack of will power—inconsistency. Amerson said "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," and it is not without significance perhaps to apply it to cases of the kind under discussion.

Professor William James wrote that "The possibility of violent death is the soul of all romance," and this is probably true when reference is made to the earlier centuries, but it would perhaps be more accurate now to say that the possibility of marriage is the soul of all romance. Romance, however, too frequently ends when the possibility

has been converted into a reality. So long as the possibility remains a possibility the romance continues, but when the result is accomplished the romance begins to fade. There is no further stimulus. The possibility has been extinguished and the romance becomes a matter of fact. This is one of the sad incidents of marriage: it has a tendency to terminate romance. If the romance might continue; if the status of the parties might be changed without affecting their ethical relations, how much more stable and happy might not the marriage become? The state of wedlock forces new relations, tends to the commonplace, expels the spirit of romance, introduces new responsibilities, and crowds out cherished ideals. This unfortunate fact is responsible for much of the unhappiness that some times follows the marriage ceremony. The habit of introspection is not common to the great mass of people, and, unfortunately, most married couples are not only strangers to each other, but are strangers to themselves. They do not know their own nature. They have never taken the measure of the "ego." They do not know their limitations.

The foremost authority on marriage and divorce statistics in this country asserts that one out of ten marriages proves a failure, and it is quite apparent from the figures showing the average duration of marriages ending in divorce to be ten years, that the disruption comes after the spouses have had ample opportunity to become acquainted, and like most occurrences of magnitude and importance, divorce has its origin and inception in small things. Any little incident of the most trivial nature may set up conditions that will head the couple straight for the divorce court.

When the diligent searcher for truths turns to the statistics compiled by the resourceful and indefatigable statistician, he finds a mass of figures distributed more or less in long perpendicular columns and horizontal cross sections that well nigh stagger the mind, and headed with legends that mean more or less according to the conception of the meaning of the words used and their real significance. Perhaps we find the tabulation headed "Divorces Granted to Husbands," and under this general head "Causes of Divorce," and this in turn is divided into columns headed "Desertion," "Adultery," "Drunkenness," etc., and then the figures are set down representing the conditions by numbers and per cent.

These causes, however, are not fundamental; they are the methods through which the real cause is manifested—the avenues through which flight has been taken. They are no more the causative agent of divorce than headache is the causative agent of biliousness. They are the modes of expression—the visible symptoms of internal disturbance. Underneath every case of adultery lies an undeveloped, unnatural sense of honor and virtue, or an abnormal development of animalism, or perhaps both, for the non-development of the one gives scope and freedom to the unrestricted development and growth of the other. Encourage the one and in direct ratio the other will be dwarfed and stunted. At the bottom of cruelty is a vicious nature—a dwarfed and distorted sense of human feelings of the rights of others, and a mistaken idea of the relation of husband and wife. Behind desertion lies an unformed appreciation of the beauty of fidelity, and a misprized and poorly undersetood sense of the obligations entailed upon the state of wedlock.

The notion that divorce is caused by the name of the act through which it is manifested and the ground upon which the application for dissolution is made should be put aside. In order to cure or eradicate the disease, we

must isolate the specific germ and treat it with that remedy which may be found most effective in its destruction.

No law-making body can give any sort of magic to words by simply putting them formally together in a statute and declaring that acts which come within its provisions shall be unlawful. Human vices and virtues may be intensified in the offspring of parents having those vices or virtues in common, but in most cases they may be developed or retarded according to the manner and degree of training that they are subjected to during the period of growth and development.

Although science has touched almost every institution of society with its well nigh magic wand, and has wrought so thoroughly and wonderfully in practically every field of research and endeavor, turning night into day, revealing the truth about many things that had been in the realm of mysteries for centuries, and lifting the burden of ignorance and sin from the shoulders of the overworked and underfed and the underworked and overfed alike, it has thus far ventured but slightly into the realm of marriage.

We have talked and written and legislated to protect the public health, to conserve the resources of the country, both human and natural. But we have failed to begin at the beginning in the efforts to conserve the human resources of the country. We have passed and enforced pure food laws, naturalization laws, laws for the protection of breeders of pure bred live stock and so forth. But pure marriage laws are still in the realm of future.

A marriage may prove a failure without ending in divorce, and some marriages that have ended in divorce were almost entirely successful up to within a very short time of the separation. A successful marriage is one in which the parties conscientiously discharge their mutual obligations to each other and their common obligations to society, cheerfully performing the duties and heartily accepting the responsibilities of citizenship and parenthood implied in their wedding covenants.

It is time to begin the reformation of the ideals of the people along lines which will make for successful marriages in the highest and best sense of the term. The conservation of the human resources of the country is not less important than the conservation of the natural resources of the country.

Revolutions may change the form of governments; legislative enactments may change the laws of the country; but to change the ideals of a people by enlarging their view and chrystalizing their thoughts requires time, patience, and persistence through education—training the young.

The high schools and colleges must begin the work by training the students in the science of domestic happiness. A few hours a week could well be spared from the history of wars and battles, and bloodshed, and used in training young people how to perform the obligations of citizenship, chief among which is the duty to mix a little common sense with sentiment when selecting a spouse.

When by the attrition of forces the great reform propaganda of the day has swept its course through the established institutions that have been evolved from the brains of thinkers fortified and guided by the experience of mankind; when the golden light of reason and right have resumed the reins and once more taken guidance and direction of the hope and ambition of democratic institutions and constituted authority, then men and women temperamentally balanced and normal shall rejoice in peace and plenty, and the harvest shall once more be gathered at harvest time, and the earth out of her abundance shall yield to the industry of the toiler whose love for work and duty represents the

fruits of his labor, and the peace and quietness of life and love shall be the uppermost thoughts and aims of the people.

The muffled roar of distant thunder presages and proclaims the approach of storm and rain and warns the wayfarer to seek shelter; the direction and velocity of the wind portend its early arrival; bright silvery clouds assume common direction, and assembling, become a dark mass on the horizon and the storm impends. Darkness desends upon scenes of peace and quiet. Grandeur, magnificence, and splendor ride with free hand and the conglomerate mass sweeps with a fury of electrical display, thunderous uproar, and torrential downpour, and passes away into space.

We might ask the meaning and origin of these forces; we might ponder in silence; we might discuss with garrulity; and we might forget (as indeed we do) without further attention. Peace has resumed its throne. We desire peace. It is soothing and restful. Our appreciation of it has been made keener and our love for it has been strengthened by its temporary desertion.

It is in this spirit that reforms must be instituted. It is not always best to try to reform by storming methods. Indeed it is generally best to seek peaceful methods. Not the spirit of agitation, but the spirit of education must prevail; must precede the reform.

By teaching in the schools the principles of obedience, truthfulness, self-control, kindness, unselfishness, love of home, and the other higher attributes of character, both by precept and example, we may hope to inculcate in the minds and hearts the spirit of fairness that will promote conciliation and arbitration.

Then by establishing a court of domestic relations that shall exist, not for the purpose of granting divorces, but for the purpose of conciliating the parties when their trouble is incipient, and patching up differences, much may be accomplished towards establishing relations of peace and harmony in the lives of married people who would otherwise be hopelessly and helplessly separated. In nearly every case wrong is found on both sides. One little act of thoughtlessness on the part of the one, leads to a deliberate act of retaliation on the part of the other, and so on until the affair is beyond the point where the parties themselves can reach an understanding. The question then is to determine which is to make peace proposals and offers of conciliation and concession, and what is to be conceded. Impartial opinion of some expert and well trained mind clothed with official power and privately exercised, alone can determine these questions. The court of domestic relations is not new. It has been tried with wonderful success in some of the larger cities. Some marriages are found to be wholly and completely contrary to happiness and entire failures . and ought to be dissolved, but most of the matrimonial troubles can be cured and ought to be.

Uniform marriage and divorce laws would render the question much less complicated. Laws prohibiting marriages between parties with certain maladies, laws for uniform registration of marriages, and laws for the uniform age regulation as to when the relation may be assumed. All these would tend to improve and bring up the standard and bring about harmony and happiness quite generally in married life.

There is a Modern Inquisition

Peter Hicks

HERE in this great free land of ours, where the natural rights of man, inclusive his liberty of conscience, were first publicly proclaimed, and fought for, *there is a modern inquisition*. It is not an open, public one, but a secret, unrelenting, powerful, religious organization, jesuitically managed in the dark for the aggrandizement of the Roman Catholic Church.

I speak as a victim of its clandestine persecution, and for the benefit of hundreds of others who are blacklisted like myself. The modern *holy office* operating here in the United States, being less powerful than the old one, does not concern itself with the discovery of what it considers heresy and unbelief, because wherever there is a Protestant church it thinks heresy and unbelief are rampant (and there are, fortunately, such churches now even in their holy city of Rome), but its cruel, secret, and unrelenting persecution is at present directly aimed at our free institutions, and to men fondly advocating the diffusion of scientific and historical truths. The modern inquisition wants to curtail all it can the liberty of human thought.

It is the history of the inquisition as it existed in Spain, Portugal, and their dependencies, that has absorbed almost entirely the real interest of this painful subject. Early in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, in consequence of the alarm created by the alleged discovery of a plot among the Jews—who had been born in Spain and were as such entitled to live there as the rest of native Spaniards—to overthrow the government, an application was made to the pope, Sixtus IV., to permit its reorganization (1478): but in reviving the Tribunal of the Holy office, the Crown assumed to itself the right of appointing the inquisitors, and, in truth, of controlling the entire action of that tribunal. From this date forwards, Roman Catholic writers regard the Spanish inquisition as a religious tribunal with state sanction, an authorization given to it in exchange for the support and moral assistance of the reigning monarch of that kingdom, whosoever he might be, by the Roman Catholic Church. This agreement is recognized by such Catholic writers as Ranke, Guizot, Leo, and even the great antipapal authority, Juan Antonio Lorente, in his work entitled "Critical History of the Inquisition," and has been ever since adhered to by the Church of Rome.

In the year 1483 the Tribunal of the Holy Office ("*El Tribunal del Santo Oficio*") commenced in Spain its iniquitous career under the infamous inquisitor-general Thomas de Torquemada. The popes, feeling their protest unsuccessful, were compelled, from considerations of mere prudence but not of justice, to tolerate what they found themselves powerless to suppress, as they have recently done in Italy, in France, in Portugal, and as they will always do under similar circumstances.

The number of victims of the old inquisition, as stated by Lorente—who had been secretary-general of that Tribunal of the Holy Office—during the sixteen years of Torquemada as inquisitor-general, was nearly 9,000 persons condemned to be burnt alive for their religious opinion. The second head of that tribunal, the Archbishop Diego de Deza, in eight years put about 1,600 more persons to the same barbarous death; a total, in Spain and its dependencies alone, of 16,600 human beings burned at the

stake for their private religious opinion, without counting the unnumbered thousands who suffered the most excruciating pains by the tortures applied to them in the torture rack.

The procedures of the old inquisition deserve a brief notice, because I want to contrast them with the secret procedures employed now, in our great land of liberty and free institutions, by the modern inquisition we have here in full operation.

(1) The accused person was liable to be arrested and thrown into prison by mere suspicion, and only to be brought to trial when it might seem fit to his judges, no matter if the prosecution did not occur until several years afterwards.

The modern inquisition in these United States, being unable to throw anybody into prison because of his religious belief, watch carefully and patiently until their accused victim is put in prison for some other offence than his religious opinion, and then, having him there incarcerated, bring to bear all its powers—moral (that is, spiritual), material (money potentiality), social (because its priests mix freely in society, principally the jesuits, who always endeavor to get into the society of the authorities, local, State, and national, though they be Protestants), and political (with Catholic political organizations masquerading under some civic names, like the so-called Knights of Columbus)—to crush their victim with a lawful sentence, by means fair or foul.

The modern inquisition also takes advantage of a simple difference of opinion of its victim in scientific, literary, artistic, social, or political matters from the majority of the people of the city or town in which he resides, to get him there ostracized, which severe punishment the jesuit priests call "to put the accused in a vacuum."

(2) The proceedings of the old inquisition were conducted secretly, and the accused had nobody to defend him.

The same kind of proceedings are put in practice by the modern inquisition here in this free country of ours. The accused is judged secretly by the priests, without appointing any one of them to defend him.

(3) The victim was not confronted with his accusers, nor were their names made known to him.

The same two sinful things that are done here now in this land of liberty by the modern inquisition.

(4) The evidence of an accomplice was admissible, and the accused himself was liable to be put to the tortures in order to extol a confession of his guilt.

These same two procedures are put in practice by the modern inquisition, with the difference that the accused victim is now held in prison under the charge of some laical offence—of which fact, sometimes induced by the modern inquisition itself, always takes advantage to satisfy its vindictiveness—and the tortures to which he is now subjected are familiarly known in police parlance by the name of "the third degree."

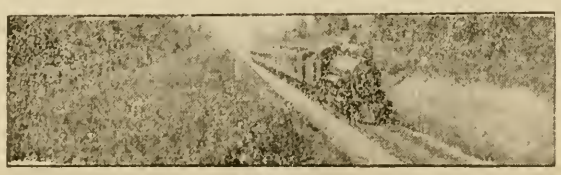
(5) The punishments to which, if found guilty, the victim was sentenced by the old inquisition, were: (a). Death by fire at the stake—as exemplified in the horrible and revolting "Auto de Fe"—; (b). Death on the scaffold by the sinister "garrote"; (c). Imprisonment in the galleys or in the chain gang for life, or for a period more or less long; (d). Forfeiture of all his money and property; (e). Civil disfranchisement; (f). In minor cases, public retraction or public penance.

The punishment of the modern inquisition, always meted out to the secretly accused and secretly condemned victim, without having had anybody to defend him, are: 1st. Deprivation by all means, fair or foul,

of his manner of making an honest living, so as to compel him by sheer want of money either to starve or to steal, and thus place the accused in the clutches of the civil laws. Once there, the victim is at the mercy of the moral (spiritual grasp, principally by the control of women at the confessional), material (money), social (his discredit in society, that is to say, social ostracism), and political powers (through Catholic political organizations) of Roman priesthood; 2nd. By a constant and restless active espionage of all the movements of the victim, which sometimes go as far as to tamper with his mail; 3rd. The modern inquisition unscrupulously avails itself, basing its criminal proceedings in the jesuitical principle that "the end justifies the means," of the services of lewd women and thugs to do harm to their blacklisted victims; 4th. By withholding absolution to respectable women, principally those who are married, the agents of the modern inquisition compel them to become their aiders and abettors.

In view of these undeniable facts, no matter how incredible they may appear to some candid Protestant persons, let us forever keep in our memory, as faithful and vigilant Protestants,—for it seems a great many of us have already forgotten it—that "The Tribunal of the Holy Office" still exists in the city of Rome, Italy, under the direction of a so-called Congregation; and though, apparently, its business is confined to the examination of printed books suspected of irreverence to the Roman Catholic Church, and the trial of ecclesiastical offences by priests, the truth is that persons brought up as Catholics and converted to Protestantism (like myself) are cruelly and unrelentingly persecuted by that secret Roman tribunal, whose edicts are endorsed by the pope, wherever they live or withersoever they go. And this is so, because the Roman Catholic priests want to make it appear that the misfortune of those persons converted to Protestantism is the just and proper chastisement of the Almighty.

The bold movements of the Roman Catholic Church here in the United States, trying to undermine our fundamental national laws, together with the evident fact that the so-called Apostolic Delegate of the pope has now an almost official recognition in the capital city of our Republic, and fraternal private messages are exchanged between our President and the Roman Pontiff, I think the time is ripe, very ripe, for the constitution of a powerful and secret Protestant organization in these United States, which shall have for its object the defence of our blood-bought legacy of liberty, our government of the people, by the people, and for the benefit of the people, standing unalterably for the complete separation of church and State, the prevention of national laws to favor in any way Roman Catholicism, and affording protection, encouragement, and support of the undefended victims of the modern inquisition.



The Trysting-Place

Josiah H. Combs

Dost thou mind the meadow sweet, my love,
And a cot in the Southern clime,
Where the lark sang early 'neath thy bower,
And the zephyrs were scented with thyme?

Dost thou mind the old milk-gap nearby,
And the spring 'neath the elm trees' shade,
Where the soft twilight at eve came down,
As a tryst for a youth and a maid?

Dost thou mind the croaking in the marsh,
And the chime of the far-off bell,
Where the zephyrs were raised at eventide,
And the hymns floated out through the dell?

But the old milk-gap is not the same,
Nor the spring 'neath the elm trees' shade;
Still the soft twilight at eve comes down,
No longer a tryst for a youth and a maid.

Still the croaking is heard in the marsh nearby,
And the chime of the distant bell,
While the vespers still rise at eventide,
And the hymns float out through the dell.

But the youth and the maid no longer go there—
To the trysting-place in the dell—
Where the vespers were raised at eventide,
And the chime of the far-off bell.

For a gray-haired man and his sweet-heart gray,
Now a youth and a maid no more,
Often sit by the spring and the old milk-gap,
As they did in the days of yore.

A Series of Open Letters to His Eminence, Cardinal James Gibbons

No. 3

Your Eminence:

DO YOU have any true conception of the manner in which your people are antagonizing *the Spirit of the Age?*

Does a feeling come over you, that your Papa is an absurd anachronism, laughed at by the intelligent, used by the designing, and secretly despised by the very courtiers who pay him outward reverence?

Do you ever feel that the world has really passed you by; and that your only assets now are the ignorance of the populace, inherited superstitions, and the cowardice of the politicians?

* * * * * *

You say that the most refined, cultured and talented white woman shall not have the privilege to vote.

In the next breath you say that the most ignorant, brutal and criminal negro shall help to control the country with his ballot.

Thus you set yourself against *the Spirit of the Age.*

You make no concession to the world-wide demand for a larger sphere for women. Your church is the Bourbon of ecclesiasticism; you learn nothing and you forget nothing.

Your priests are like a lot of owls, perched on the dead limbs of monkish lore, solemnly hooting as though it were night, when the blaze of day is all about you.

You enslave the women: you allow them no voice in the affairs of the church. Their duty is to labor and obey, gather ducats for the priests, and to compensate them for celibacy.

In short, your church's conception of a woman is that she shall minister unto man, be his servant, be his instrument of carnal pleasure, be his child-bearer and pack-mule, with no life of her own, and no right to appeal against man's inhumanity, lust and cupidity.

The lower down in the scale you can keep her, the more useful she is to you: hence, your church, during all the ages never had a word to say for oppressed woman-hood.

Your Cardinal Logue voiced your church's sentiments when, at the Canadian Congress he declared that "*it is a grand sight to see a woman at the wash-tub.*"

And that's where your church would keep women if it could—at the wash-tub, slaving for a gang of idle, voluptuous, hypocritical priests!

You deny freedom to wives when their husbands have outraged them in every possible way, when they have had to bear children to habitual drunkards, when they have been beaten and kicked about the home, like so many dogs.

You say that the wife must endure every ignominy, every pollution, every wrong, rather than seek her freedom.

Having made a mistake in her marriage, she must bear the intolerable yoke to the very end of her life.

She must never be given another chance.

The cup of happiness is for others—not for her.

Such is your position, Cardinal; and in this respect, as in the others, you are vainly combating *the Spirit of the Age.*

* * * * * *

In all other churches, the widest reading and research are encouraged.

All other churches are broadening

and liberalizing—the constant tendency being to subordinate mere dogma, to essential truth. In every church but yours, the trend is towards the humanities, charities, equities, and common sense.

If, in any church but yours, a clergyman should hold up before his congregation *a rice disc*, about the size of the largest white poker-chip, and were to say, "*I will pronounce a few words over this bit of rice, and it will immediately become God*"—such clergyman would either be hustled out of the church, or his congregation would leave.

But you, Cardinal, keep up that monstrous humbug of making God out of a cake of rice. Thus you insult common sense; and put yourself against *the Spirit of the Age.*

Men don't believe in the things which were accepted in the Dark Ages, Cardinal.

When your church had full swing, Night settled down upon the world.

Men believed priests could cast out devils, work miracles, grant pass-ports to heaven, release souls from purgatory, and curse the heretic to his earthly and eternal perdition.

Those were the days of the weir-wolf, the succubus, the gnome, the witch, the ghost, the enchanted sword, the unicorn and the dragon.

Cardinal, we've outgrown all that. Your church did not help us do it, either.

We did it in spite of your church.

Cardinal, when you struggle to again subdue men's minds, to a belief in your qower to work miracles, to forgive sins, to cure by relics, to "bless" candles and bells and hunting-dogs, to "curse" the heretic, and to say who shall enter the realm of eternal bliss, you are simply opposing the light of the 20th Century and *the Spirit of the Age.*

* * * * * *

Cardinal you are making a fatal mistake about the negro; and here again you are throwing yourself against *the Spirit of the Age.*

You are receiving the black man into your church on a footing of social equality with the whites.

Not only are you receiving the black man as an equal, but you are admitting him to the priesthood.

Now, what is a priest?

According to your own book, "Faith of Our Fathers," the priest is superior to the angels. You say:

"To the carnal eye, the priest looks like other men; but to the eye of faith, he is exalted above the angels, because he exercises powers not given to the angels." * * * "The priest is the Ambassador of God," etc.

To the carnal eye, that which looks like a man is more than apt to be a man. To the carnal eye, that which looks like a tad-pole, is very apt to be a tad-pole. To the carnal eye, that which looks like a glass of wine, is very apt to be a glass of wine.

But when "the eye of faith" comes along, it may play the mischief with common sense and the realities.

That which looks like a man, may not be a man. He may be an angel—a bull-necked, pop-eyed, pot-gutted angel, with a dew-lap under his chin and a fold on the back of his neck.

That which seems to be a tad-pole, may not be anything of the sort. "The eye of faith" may require us to insult our common sense, and to see in the tad-pole a mermaid, a fairy, a "spirit."

That which appears to be a glass of wine, may be something wholly different, "The eye of faith" may require us to see the blood of Christ; and we must see that when the priest drinks this apparent wine he is, really, drinking blood.

Therefore, when we look upon a priest, we must be prepared to distrust the evidence of our senses. "To the carnal eye," he may seem to need a bath and some clean clothes: he may seem over-fed and over bibulous: he

may have a low, sensual face: he may have repulsively coarse manners; he may be vulgar in his discourse, and immoral in his mode of living: but all of this is mere optical delusion, due to the untrustworthiness of "the carnal eye."

The eye of faith beholds the same priest and, presto! all is changed.

We see, not a besotted man, but a spiritual being "more exalted than the angels."

In this particular Cardinal, you are against *the Spirit of the Age*—especially when you ask that "the eye of faith" must see an angel in a nigger.

* * * * * *

Cardinal, your church refuses to make any concession to the Socialists.

There, again, you set yourself against *the Spirit of the Age.*

Every government on earth has made concessions to Socialism, and the end is not yet.

The Socialists had some wild ideas and fundamental errors which I felt it my duty to combat.

But in their last national convention, a few weeks ago, they dropped those wild ideas, and brought themselves within the domain of rational reformation.

They no longer demand universal communism. They have repudiated the men who would resort to violence and revolutionary methods.

Therefore, they now stand squarely for the Rights of Man, and not for a general overturn of governments.

This being so, they come within arm's length of every other body of citizens that is laboring for the uplift of humanity.

Yet, this is the time your church chooses to make the most savage assaults upon Socialists. This is the time when your churchmen denounce the Socialists as mad dogs who ought to be stopped with bullets.

Cardinal, when and where did your church ever strike a blow for the under dog, ever espouse the cause of the yoke-bearing serf, ever fight the battle of the shackled slave? When was your church ever anything but the ally of the powerful who oppressed the poor, and robbed honest labor of the product of its toil?

In siding against the working class today, your church is true to its detestable record.

But you are pitting yourself against *the Spirit of the Age.*

* * * * * *

Cardinal, you say that the Roman church must control education, "even to war and bloodshed."

Your contention is that the child shall be enslaved by a priest; and shall be brought up to be Romanist first, and American citizen next.

Last year when you were interviewed, and asked to name the great dangers to our future, you did not mention the White Slave Traffic, the Child Labor Problem, or the Drink Evil. No; you omitted those, but mentioned our public schools.

Cardinal, how do you figure out that our public schools are more dangerous to the country than are the exploiters of helpless women and children—than are the saloons whose natural tendency is to undo the good work of the Home, the School, and the Church?

Cardinal, do you know that our public schools furnish comparatively few criminals to the the chain-gangs and to the penitentiaries, while your parochial schools are most prolific feeders of the prisons?

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

* * * * * *

Cardinal, there was republished in France, (in 1904) *Theologie de Clermont* by Rev. Father Vincent. The book was issued with episcopal approbation. It contains this terrible passage:

"The church has received from God the power to reprove those who wander from the truth, not only by spiritual,

but by corporal penalties, *such as imprisonment, flagellation, mutilation, AND DEATH.*" (Emphasis, mine.)

Do you hold to that terrible creed, Cardinal?

Do you claim that your church has the right to imprison, the right to flog, the right to cut off arms and legs, the right to murder?

Such has always been the creed of your Papas; such has always been their practise.

Do you believe in persecution to the death, Cardinal?

And what do you mean by "war and bloodshed," in reference to our public schools?

It is about time that you made your meaning clear, Cardinal Gibbons.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Connecticut Blue Laws

"When these free states were colonies
Unto the mother nation,
And in Connecticut the good
Old Blue Laws were in fashion."

EXTRACTS from the laws ordained by the people of New Haven, previous to their incorporation with the Saybrook and Hartford colonies, afford an idea of the strange character of their prohibitions. As the substance only is given in this transcription, the language is necessarily modernized:

No Quaker or dissenter from the established worship of the dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates, or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be afforded a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic.

If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return but upon pain of death.

No priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No man to cross a river but with an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath-day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave, on the Sabbath-day.

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting-day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by oath.

When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuse to discover them, he may be racked.

No one shall buy or sell lands without permission of the selectmen.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to debar him the liberty of buying and selling.

Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor shall sit in the stocks or be whipped fifteen stripes.

No minister shall keep a school.

Men-stealers shall suffer death.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace, above two shillings by the yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender at £300 estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out, and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever sets a fire in the woods, and

it burns a house, shall suffer death; and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without benefit of bail.

Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall read common-prayer, keep Christmas or saint-days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and Jew's-harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage; the magistrates only shall join people in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's Church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

The selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them into better hands, at the expense of their parents.

A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10; a woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned.

No man shall court a maid in person, or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offense; £10 penalty for the second; and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

An Extract From "Vagabond Journeys"

Perceval Pollard

IN the Book Reviews of this issue will be found an appreciation of Perceval Pollard's, "Vagabond Journeys."

The charm of his work lies in its freshness, and the extracts given from his book will sharpen one's appetite for the whole.

The chapter on "Berlin, Newest of Cities," shows that cosmopolitan German capital in varied aspects as compared to London and Paris, each of them delightfully portrayed.

Night Life.

One more comparison remains, as we examine Berlin's right to rank among the world-towns. We have looked into cooking, and into various facets of that glittering moonstone, culture. But it is not of her countless feeding troughs, her garish beer palaces, her efforts to form a world-embracing Combine out of culture, that Berlin, in her heart of hearts, is proudest. No, the one domain wherein she pretends to indisputable eminence is Night Life. To consider her right to that eminence we must consider also some of her rivals.

An amazing discussion goes back and forth across the English Channel every now and again. Like most discussions, most arguments, it is rooted in wrong premises, reaches false conclusions, and leaves all the disputants believing exactly what they did before. The question is, for one thing, whether London is dull, and, for another, whether Berlin is less dull. Emphasis, of course, goes largely upon the detail of night life.

Supose, from this safe distance, though armed with all the necessary facts, the experience, and the susceptibility to emotions, that we look at

the question more widely than if it concerned only London and Berlin. For, in any comparative observation, it becomes necessary to range Paris and Vienna with those others. To include Brussels, Budapest, Naples and the rest would lead too far; national and racial characteristics and differences can be sufficiently gauged in the quartet just mentioned.

For London to have tried to defend herself from the charge of being dead and buried after a comparatively early midnight hour must ever be a proof of an insular immunity from the irony of facts. All of us who know our London at all know that however much we may be on the inside of life at its most sophisticated, its most autocratic, we are nevertheless bounced on to the cold street when the County Council hour strikes.

We may be sitting with all the potentates and powers at the Savoy, the Carlton, the Ritz, the Berkeley, or any of their peers, but when that hour approaches the servitor's whisper, "Five minutes, gentlemen!" falls upon the just and the unjust alike, and at the minute itself the lights go out, and there is nothing for us to do but follow suit.

And then, once upon the street, where is the night life of London? Ah, ask of the winds! You might as well; it will profit you just as much as if you asked of the policeman on the beat. Belated taxis toot past; one or two forlorn relics of that fine romantic era typified by the hansom cab go jingling by; some amazed and dazed aliens wander about Piccadilly Circus seeking for the livelier vices and the more brilliant glitter of their own towns; the real London is dead. Stray creatures, some in rags, and some in all the elaborate black and white splendor of evening masculine regimentals, wander homeword on foot, some of them seeking food and hot coffee in—and here you have the sufficient comment upon London's nocturnal state!—the cab shelters, equivalent to our American owl lunch wagons. A hawker selling chestnuts, or hot potatoes; a bird of prey or two smelling of patchouli; the rest is silence and desolation. At the County Council hour everything goes dark and dumb.

What, then, has London in the way of gayety after candlelight? What can visitors find for amusement after their hard work of sightseeing in daylight? Well, they may dine to-day in thirty times as many cosmopolitan restaurants as they could in the London of fifteen years ago, for one thing. If London to-day is but a gray place for those on nocturnal pleasure bent, it is a very glitter of color compared to what it was fifteen years ago.

The old Londoner, of course, regrets the passing of his cozy old town; he sees the riddling of it by tubes, the increase of gorgeous and florid eating places, the passing away of old and dingy corners wherein people had for a century fed badly for no other reason than that their forefathers had done so—he sees all this with distress and anger. But the stranger within the gates may bless his stars that he does not have to depend for his food and drink upon that now vanished London.

The London of to-day, as most of us know, is as new a town as any of the others in the world. To find there the old, to-day—well, none but the hardiest Americans attempt it; the Londoner himself has given it up long ago. To repeat, then: one has a good range of places wherein to dine, of theaters wherein to sit for the bulk of the evening, and of places wherein to sup after the play. But with that the tale has been told. If you want a glittering frolic which you have imagined to yourself under the title of "London at Night," you will have to end it as you began it, in your dreams. You dine, you watch the play, you hear music,

you sup, and then—off to bed with you. By order of the County Council.

Let us bless the County Council. The most timorous mother might let her tenderest fledgeling boy go unprotected across the West End of London in the small hours of the morning, from Mayfair to Belgravia, from Bayswater to Whitehall, from Kensington to Marylebone, and he would be immune from the din of gayety, the infection of merriment, the sound and air of pleasure. This is not to say—alas for the plans of County Councils, and all other human devices to sterilize the human tendencies in the race!—that the aforesaid milkewhite youth might not run into some dismal, drab, or dirty iniquity in the modern Babylon. Man is not less vile there than elsewhere; nor woman, either; over essential human frailties no County Councils have jurisdiction. For those who take their pleasures sadly and darkly not even London is without temptation after midnight. But from nocturnal gayety the town is immune. The Goddess of Pleasure pulls the curtain at the Council's closing hour. The wayfarer is left in outer darkness. If he feels he must needs be a gay dog until dawn, there is nothing for him save his home or his club.

Even the clubs—well, this is not the place for a dissertation on the different air of clubs in England as against that in America, but no man in his senses yet went to a London club for small-hour gayety. It is true that the new Automobile Club is become seriously a competitor of the existing public supper resorts, and that eventually some pleasurable aftermath on supper may be permitted there; but we are not all motor-minded. Again, a segregated gayety, in four walls, in even the most splendid of clubs, is not what most people mean when they speak of this or that town's night life of pleasure.

As for Paris, its night life is a tale that has been so often told that no good American can be supposed ignorant of its features. The details of such a night in Paris, as every foreigner permits himself at least once in his life, are become so common that there is hardly a hamlet in the remotest region of Suburbia or the backwoods where the mention of "gay Paree" will not arouse reminiscences in the meekest-seeming habitant. Let the subject of Paris come up in the unlikeliest crew of human beings, on land or sea, around the village grocery store, or the smoking room of the most luxurious ocean liner, and at once the gamut of gayety will be reviewed again by old and young, the bored and the ambitious. Students of art have their version of it; the indiscriminate tourists and sightseers have another, and keen gourmets of sensation have another. That night life in Paris provides a feast for all appetites is admitted.

Literature has recorded all the courses in the feast, long ago, and the only chance for new retouchings of the subject comes in the changes that the passing years bring over the nocturnal scene there in Lutetia. The records of Henri Murger, of Du Maurier and of Aristide Bruant, if we name no others, declare the glitter of the nightly pleasure in the City of Light. The name of Aristide Bruant recalls, of course, one of the first of those nocturnal cabarets, now so common, which became places where art and literature met on common ground, for profit, and the pleasing of the visiting public.

The routes across the map of Paris night life are many. To take them all, to know the landmarks on all the ways, would need a lifetime, and many lives have been wasted in the search. You have, as even in dismal London, innumerable places where to dine, innumerable playhouses. Then come the many places where a sort of bridge is formed between theatrical entertainment and nocturnal gayety, places the names of which are by now so familiar

in New York that they are more and more supposed to bring profit through domestic application: The Folies Bergeres, the Jardin de Paris, the Alcazar d'Ete, the Ambassadeurs, and the Marigny. Some of these are, for summer, partly outdoors; some, like the Marigny, are always inclosed. There is always the show on the stage, and the show in the promenade. Beauty of face, of form and of frocks and frills is likely to distract from the actual stage the attention of the non-linguistic visitor.

Morals we may leave to moralists; our concern is, now, merely to observe whether the obvious features of Paris by night are attractive. We have already seen how the legend of Maxim has paled; that is true of many similar Parasian legends, yet we would be indeed curmudgeon, indeed bilious of view, if we disputed altogether the nocturnal charm of Paris. She is light, airy, well caparisoned, amusing, pleasurable to the eye and ear. She sparkles.

When the great establishments that pretend to a more or less theatrical entertainment on or near the grand boulevards empty their throngs upon the night, the business of nocturnal pleasure has, if you know where to go, only begun in Paris. But, mark you, you must know where to go. On the boulevards themselves a hush and a dimness may come; you may think all Paris is going to bed. As a matter of fact, it has gone up to the Hill of Martyrs, to the Place Pigalle, the Place Blanche, or even higher up, to where once was the old mill and where the studios were. You may walk if you have youth in your veins, or you may just say the right word to a cabman, and presently you will be where night never dies in Paris.

The names change from year to year; but most folk knows the Rat Mort, where you may dine (not badly, as I remarked in my chapter on Paris) amid peaceable appearing burgesses on the street floor, and later, on an upper floor, find all manner of mixed and fascinating dancing going on between the cataracts of champagne or tisane; most know the Abbaye, with its mirrors, its overdressed women; its paid dancers, and its supercilious servitors; and most have been to the Moulin Rouge either when it was sheerly a dance hall or when it was a music hall, or when, as lately, it is a cross between the two.

Then there are numerous cabarets, all based upon the idea of Bruant, or of the Cafe Noir of Rodolphe Salis. There is the place called Heaven, and that called Hell, and that of Death. To astonish you, to give you a sensation, to quicken into some sort of action your jaded nocturnal nerves, is the object of all these places.

In one they used to shout an obscene word at you as you entered; if that had never happened to you in your life before, you were at least the richer for a sensation, however unspeakable your opinion of the welcome might be. In this place artists of the stage, of paint, of music, or of letters conspired to your amusement; in another, you yourself might be dragged into doing something for the amusement of the others. You never quite knew what might befall you, as long, at any rate, as you kept your youth and your enthusiasm.

Is it that we grow old, or do the joys themselves grow stale? Or does Paris indeed not keep to her old pace of providing nocturnal novelties? For, to tell the honest truth, the route of night life in Paris is to-day a trifle littered and shabby, like the streets of Paris herself. The taint of the tourist is a little too plain upon it all. New places come and go, but pass quickly into the familiar repertoire of every sightseer, until all are finally equally nauseous to the discriminating.

The several phases of this nocturnal

gayety begin to wear the air of a set scene upon a stage. You almost expect to hear some announcement for all the world to:

"Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see how gay Paris is at night."

The moment this label becomes too plain, the thing itself is off. Yet Paris, however dingy she may become as a mistress of pleasure, still keeps the quickness of her wits, and one thinks that the near example of Berlin will serve to show her the horror of too garishly displaying nocturnal life as a tangible article for the world's desire. For, in Berlin—but we go a trifle fast. No last word has yet been said of night life on the left bank of the Seine.

Much of the legend and the literature has now to be forgotten. Fickle in this respect as in all else, Paris is forever changing the fashion in cafes and restaurants. One year the students went here, the actors there, the journalists there; if you came the next year to seek any of them in those places you would find another set entirely.

Then, too, there is that frightfully absurd term, still overmuch in vogue with the ignorant—the Latin quarter. There has been no such thing, outside the literature produced in English by the uninitiate, for, lo, these many years. There is, instead, the American quarter, and the Students' quarter. The line between the two may be something like the equator; it is enough to say that the American quarter lies up near the Montparnasse station, and the Students' over to the left, as you turn your back to the river. Ascending the rise along the Boulevard St. Michel you are traveling steadily along the ways worn romantic by the legends of the Latin quarter; to-day it is the quarter of the students. You pass famous resort after resort, the Golden Sun, the Francis the First, the Scarlet Jackass, the Pantheon; you pass the gardens of the Luxembourg, and you reach the Bal Bullier. Not to-day what once it was, the Bal Bullier, even as, on Montmartre, the Tabarin, is too staged and arranged an affair. Yet—if you are young. . . . To dance into the small hours with the first best or worst girl whose step suits yours; to warm the corner of the cafe where once Verlaine drooled absinthe and rhymes; to watch the dawn come glimmering into the leafage of the Luxembourg, to catch the scent of night mists, of the Seine, of tar, of dust, that go to make the Paris essence; to begin with a cup of chocolate at the Cafe du Dom, to feast one's senses on lights, and music, and genius and woman the whole night long, and then go, in the proper Paris fashion, and break one's fast in a creamery the size of your hat—that is to have been young.

To each of us, so we have arranged our lives properly, Paris must eternally spell a part of youth. Haggard and wan herself, often enough, letting herself get unkempt here and ragged there, she yet succeeds, in spite of everything, in reviving a sense of youth in all the world that visits her. We must be very tired, be very captious, if we deny her charm, or find it gone. Yet, that even in our time a change has come over her charm, that to-day it takes more determination to find it and to exert it, there can be little denying. You hear this spoken wherever cosmopolitans assemble. Philosophers of pleasure have phrased it thus: that Paris must sink even lower than she has sunk to-day before she will rise again to the splendid gayety of her empire days.

Meanwhile, for those who look for the plain label "Night Life Warranted Gay," there is no doubt that the most important place has long since ceased to be Paris. Berlin is the place.

Such night life has never before existed in the history of the world. Never before have such determination

and fervor gone to the making of it, such grossness of appetite gone to the enjoyment of it. In preparing nocturnal pleasure and in wallowing in it the Berliners are unsurpassed. They made up their minds, some years ago, that they would make their town the capital of pleasure for the whole world, and, by the almighty dollar and the letting on the package, they have done it! None could mistake this tremendous activity, this feverish hurrying and plunging into whirlwinds of change, of color, of splendor, and luxury; this is Pleasure, Pleasure; this is Night Life. One wonders that, like everything else in Berlin, night life has not been turned into a G. M. B. H.—a limited liability company.

Let us approach this extraordinary manifestation of German energy soberly, and with some attempt at beginning at a beginning. The stories of nocturnal gayety, as they touch the other towns, have mostly been told before; the story of Berlin's night life, the most amazing tale of all, has never yet been properly told. This present historian has seen it begin out of nothing. For some years after '71 Berlin was merely the capital of Prussia, trying to assume imperial dignity. There came material prosperity. Germany grew rich. The same change that came over its letters, bringing them up into the most modern directions in the late '90s, came also over Berlin's appetite for amusement. In its heavy-handed manner it determined to be frivolous. The hours for lights, for music, for the semblance of liveliness grew later and later, earlier and earlier. The change in the last five or six years has come at a pace astonishing even those to whom the town was as familiar as their own house.

Time was when the Cafe National, on the Friedrichstrasse, represented the culmination of deviltry that Berlin could show in the class of the Cafe du Pantheon on the Bolevard St. Michel. To-day the National is a dingy affair that none but the returning ghosts of other decades, or the Lost Soul of Margarethe Boehme would think of entering. Berlin is now on heights of luxury the National had never dared to attempt.

Even six or seven years ago it was easily possible to spend a full night in Berlin without being bored. The hours for the play were early; you supped afterwards at Dressel's, or Kempinski's, or the Traube, or even Frederich's on the Postdamerstrasse, and then you went to a cabaret. There were plenty of them, started in imitation of the French article, but eventually having some decent reason for existence in that they furthered a domestic art of music, of poetry, of the stage, and even of pantomine. You heard parodies of local application, burlesque, songs and stories somewhat near the bone, and music that was quite as worth memory as what you heard in the first-ranking theatres. Indeed, men like Oscar Straus, Victor Hollander, Paul Lincke, and others wrote countless cabaret songs; the cabaret helped them to their later operetta fame.

The hours of the cabaret were announced as from 11 until dawn. Only a few years ago a popular farce in Berlin, based upon the cabaret mania, was called "'Till Five o'Clock in the Morning." You could go from one cabaret to another, always finding different artists, and a different, individual style to the establishment; the London trick of an artist "doing a turn" in half a dozen establishments a night was not in vogue. The names of the cabarets were such as "The Hurdy-gurdy," the "Roland von Berlin," "The Bad Boy," and the like. They had their ups and downs; you found different ones each year; but the idea of the thing itself did not die down. It bridged effectively that period of hours between supper and the dawn, and the

Berliner had determined this period must not be wasted in sleep.

To-day there are places in Berlin which surpass anything ever before attempted in the history of public pleasure. They call themselves dance places, using the French form for the label. The Parasian model for pleasure still serves the Berliner; the Parasian legend of nocturnal pleasure still has its power, but in the material evidences Berlin has long since surpassed Paris. One of these Palais de Danse will suffice in description, for our purpose.

You enter past as many flunkies as in an actual palace; you pay an entrance fee, if you are male, by no means small. As for the ladies—let us be polite, even in Berlin, where politeness is eccentric!—the ladies find it profitable to subscribe to a season ticket. You proceed up stairs and halls that are marble and gold and everything that glitters and blazes, until you find yourself, eventually, in a vast hall the like of which has not been found since Babylon. Vast is the floor space, vast the height of the room, and stupendous the garishness of splendor about you everywhere. Nowhere an artistic style, but everywhere a solid, colossal fever to impress. It is the splendor of drunkards. Drunkards drunk with their own prosperity, mad to shout that prosperity at the world. Golden nymphs and cherubs reel about the ceiling; thousands of lights produce an intense glare; jewels and wine shimmer and sparkle all about you.

Upon a depressed portion of the floor couples dance to the oversensuous music. Watching the dancers sit the others, men and women, at countless tables, small and large. Champagne pops everywhere; the "wine openers" of Broadway, watching this Berlin scene, would suddenly realize their own inefficiencies. Always, too, it is a French champagne that you see; the Berliner, in this sort of resort at least, is as cowardly about ordering his domestic fizz as is the American. The point of the whole business of nocturnal pleasure in Berlin is that there must be more money spent than has ever before been spent on nocturnal pleasure in the whole world.

Everything is there that money can buy, more than you ever thought possible. Every material form of display and luxuriousness greets the eye, on the floor, the walls, and the ceiling. The women's frocks cost fortunes; the men are spending fortunes. Withal, the women could fascinate no refined taste, and the men would be tolerated for not one second by any finely constituted woman. They move, dancing, drinking, and eating, amid all this Babylonian splendor; the men in the semblance of butchers, the women patterned for cooks.

The rings on the men's hands, the Parisian robes on the women, do not hide the essential ugliness in them. After all, there are some things you cannot buy. Here we must confess, is the supreme triumph of materialism in our own time, materialism seeking pleasure. Had Babylon been banal, it must have been like the Berlin of to-day; let us keep our legend and believe that Babylon had never a megalomania that robbed it of good taste.

Berlin, for all the hours from dusk to dawn, shows the teeth of its grim determination to be gay. It has laid on luxury with a trowel, first in this dancing palace, then another. You can continue from one of these to another, until the sun is high hung in heaven. You will see the same people; they, too, are making the nocturnal procession. It begins to grow sad, this route of pleasure; you see the perverted men who can no longer achieve pleasure though they nightly spend a fortune on it, and the women who play the bitter part of unrewarded players in the comedy called Night Life.

All around you cafes are open; even if some close, the bars, English or American so-called, or labelled French-wise, Tabarin, or Maxim, or Hohenzollern, never close at all. Nor is this confined to the central region. In every direction, near every residential nucleus, these bars and all-night resorts flourish. In some, too, even the dullest observer will find that pride in perversity which Berlin no longer takes the least pains to dissemble.

Berlin, for garishness of its night life, for the amount of money spent, has surpassed the world. There is nothing like it anywhere, nor has there been in our time. To the Metropole Palais de Danse, in Berlin, Maxim's of Paris is like a dull and dingy hole in the wall, and Ciro's at Monte like a petty beanery. Like the feverish zest of the Berliner to surpass the modern records of nocturnal gayety we have seen nothing in our time. And, in contradistinction to the business of pleasure in most other towns, certainly in Paris and in New York, the Berliners themselves play the leading parts; the night life is not simply an enterprise conducted for the amusement of Russian grand dukes, rich Americans, or gentlemen from Oskaloosa. No, Berlin does most of it herself; she has determined to lead, and she does it, not only in providing the place and the suitable surroundings, but the leading participants.

Yet the irony of things had ordained that for all his energy, all his money, the real article of pleasure shall not come to the Berliner's lure. He gives one of the most imposing imitations in the world, and one, doubtless, likely to impress all save the very finest temperaments. The average American, applying his familiar standard of money spent, of obvious splendor achieved, may not miss the beauty that is not there, the intangible charm that has been utterly destroyed by all this patent pursuit of pleasure.

He will simply see that nothing on Broadway, nothing in Saratoga, neither Chamberlin's in Washington nor Canfield's, neither this millionaire establishment nor that, was ever like the places he will see in Berlin. "Rome—on a drunk!" said a genial critic once of the Chicago Court House and its architecture. The phrase were better applied to the interior architecture of some of Berlin's nocturnal palaces.

Berlin's Chief of Police who, as I have already recorded, did not know the identity of Tilla Durieux, presumably also knows nothing of the night life of Berlin, otherwise fairly famous in the world. If he did, he might have found it as important to check certain tendencies in that night life recalling the Round Table and Eulenberg, and the Harden case, as to censor pages appealing only to men of letters.

But perhaps there is an admitted policy of empire in all this. Perhaps the supreme night life of Berlin is to make evident to the world at large the commercial supremacy of Germany. However that may be, it is a fact that Germany is living fully up to its means, is as reckless in riotous living, as avid to spend more than its neighbors, as ever Americans have been accused of being.

Berlin has all the externals. It is useless to deny that. Its conduct of the material business of a gay night life is unrivaled; the thing is a paying concern. The world at large, after all, is impressed by material evidences; Berlin has more and greater evidences of nocturnal gayety than any other modern capital. Yet there are so many different sorts of people in the world! Some, for example, find the thing itself, gayety, pleasure, whatever others may choose to label it, in circumstances where labels, material evidences, suitable surroundings, etc., are utterly lacking. There are, will you believe it, after you have read of the brilliance of

Berlin by night, people who find their gayety in Vienna!

Yes, in the ancient Kaiserstadt, the old, last citadel of aristocracy and fuedalism in the Western World, some find an air, an atmosphere, intangible like an escaping melody, that holds for them the thing that men call pleasure. An insuperable difficulty confronts whoever would describe the Viennese article of night life; since it is largely atmospheric, an affair of the emotions, of the tastes. To declare that there are innumerable cafes that keep open to the small hours; to say that the central part of town dies early into darkness and silence, to record the names of the cabarets, the Hell, the Heaven, the Fledermaus, the Susse Madel, the Max & Moritz—all this is but to utter the inessential names of things and to give no hint of the heart of the matter. Like culture, this is an affair of the emotions, an effect not material, not tangible, not to be labelled, atmospheric.

It is futile to list the places you may go to at night in Vienna; no listing gives away the secret of its charm. Just so it is futile for me to try to spell that charm for you. What mortal yet, in any art, save that of personality, gave charm a voice or form? No, a list will tell us nothing adequate. We may point out that it is possible to go to the Burg Theater, or the Opero itself, or to the Theater des Westens; to go to the Cabaret of the Hoelle, where as good a playwright as Ludwig Thoma is occasionally represented by one-act sketches; or to a huge variety house like Ronacher's, or to the Apollo to hear Roda-Roda tell his inimitable stories. There, in the Rhoda-Rhoda number, or if Frank Wedekind is mumming something of his own, we gain an experience not possible often or in many places, for Roda-Roda is playwright and humorist of the first rank, author of the most successful farce in years, "Feldherrnhuegel," forbidden in Austria on account of its satire on the Austrian army. Wedekind is now of world-wide notoriety. We have no English or American equivalents to such distinguished men of letters and the drama appearing before the huge audiences of music-halls. Or, again, we may hear at the Max & Moritz a tender ballad called "Muede," recalling the days when the Ueberbrettl was young in German lands. Strolling down the Hoheturmstrasse, on to the Pragerstrasse, you will find lesser resorts, dingier people, less presentable pleasures. But the essential pleasurable Viennese charm, how will you encompass that?

You will do it exactly as a gunpowder expert the other day put his five-hundred-fingered hand upon Poetry in trying to describe what it was. You will do it just as a child catches a butterfly that it may win its gorgeous hues, which perish as they are brushed by the finger. Night life in Vienna has the quality of all Viennese life, it has a curious twilight of sentiment and charm that some few artists, notably Schnitzler, have put into words, but for translation into an alien tougue, for alien comprehension, it presents difficulties too great to be overcome here. Old, established on long outmoded, useless feudal things, Vienna still holds for beauty in its life, its women, its externals, a peerless place in the world. To describe the charm of its night life is to describe the charm of a beautiful woman, the fascination of an affair with a charming damsel—the Susse Madel immortalized by more than one Viennese song and story.

To be young, and in Paris; to be sentimental, and in Vienna; to enjoy the sight of money spent, and in Berlin; to be dog tired and go to bed, in London—there are some sorts of night life abroad for you.

How May Constitutional Government Endure

(Speech by Thos. R. Marshall, Governor of Indiana, before Indiana Democratic Editorial Association, Ft. Wayne, June 7, 1912)

FEWER than fifty years ago, a President of the United States dedicated the ground upon which the most sanguinary battle of the war between the States had been fought. In his brief but immortal oration, he reiterated the old doctrine that this Republic was dedicated to the equality of men. He declared that we were engaged in a struggle to preserve the people's government. He gave no intimation that he thought anything wrong with our system of government. Upon the contrary, he revealed his conviction that it was the most perfect system ever devised by the brain of mere man.

Liberty was no new idea and no strange ideal. Fraternity was almost as old as the dawn of history. For liberty and fraternity, warriors had fought their battles; orators had moved the minds of men; statesmen had exercised their most profound thought. The equality before the law of which he spoke, however, was a comparatively new element which had been introduced by the Fathers of the Republic, whose purpose in the formation of the Republic had been not only to preserve the liberty of men and to foster their fraternity but to insure the equality of all men before the law. This was a new conception. The world had seen monarchies, absolute and limited; it had seen oligarchies of all kinds and even pure democracies, but prior to the founding of the American Republic it had not seen the feature distinctive of it—governmental checks and balances to preserve the equality of all men before the law.

The great conflict between the States was then being waged, nominally for the preservation of the Union, but in reality to further this equality of all men before the law; to convert the theory of the Fathers into a truth. Yet, it was not dreamed by that great leader of the people that there was anything wrong with our system of government. He would not listen to the cry of those who proclaimed that the constitution was "a covenant with death and a league with hell." He frankly admitted that a house divided against itself could not stand and declared that this country could not exist half-slave and half-free, but he denied that our system of government as ordained by the Fathers had anything to do with the maintenance of an evil not in consonance therewith. In other words, he believed that the form of government here established was the most perfect in the world and could not fail, if scrupulously kept and carefully guarded, to produce that equality before the law which would preserve each inalienable right of every child born under its Stars and Stripes and at the same time give that child its opportunity for personal success.

Our co-ordinate system of government was formulated by Thomas Jefferson and many a man wholly ignorant of Jefferson's theory of government is now proclaiming himself a Jeffersonian Democrat. Our written constitution, which is the only charter whereby our government has a right to exist, solemnly declares against any one of the three branches of government interfering with either of the other two in the discharge of delegated powers. Under this constitution, we wrought out the great problems of slavery. It was not needful in that supreme test to destroy our original concept of government. Nor is there need today in battling with the evils that beset us to destroy it. A wise

man, when sick, does not throw away his old and potent prescription and experiment with new remedies.

Alas! Evils are abroad in the land, now as always. Nothwithstanding our boast, our government is not of and by and for the people. Yet, I make bold to say that it is still a representative democracy. Public speakers and the public press have been giving voice for twenty years to the fact that this is not a people's government with laws to preserve the equality of mankind and to give each citizen his opportunity for honest success. It has been heralded and shouted that the bosses are in control from ocean to ocean; that their machines have taken over the politics and legislation of this country; that the bosses and their machines have prevented the people from crystalizing our great ideals into enforceable laws. To be sure we have had bosses and we have had machine politics in America. We have had legislation which, by enactment and construction, has not tended to promote the ideal of equality and the opportunity for honest success. But it has also been loudly proclaimed that the people, if they could only get a chance to express themselves, would declare in unmistakable terms their belief that this system was vicious; that they would smash the machines, banish the bosses and select officials who would always stand four-square with the theories of the Fathers.

I do not pretend to be a wise man or a seer, but four years ago I told the people of this State that if they elected to the General Assembly a man who had an axe to grind, they might be sure he would grind it on the legislative grindstone; that if they elected to whatever office a man who was a representative of a special interest, he would serve the special interest and not them. No one disputed my statement; it was accepted as axiomatic. Yet it has continued to be said that nothing can be done because the people have no opportunity to take charge of their own political affairs. Each day we are told that the people are wide-awake, eager, yea anxious to promote the equality of all men before the law and to have honest and incorruptible candidates for office and that they are only awaiting an opportunity to manifest their zeal in popular government.

As a matter of fact, opportunity is even now being given to agonize over conditions and correct them; and we see what we are seeing. Returns from this State, here, and that State, there, are revealing what we should have known but what we had been allowed to forget, that this is a government not of stocks and bonds and mortagages, not of factories and mills and mines, not of farms and railroads and telegraphs and telephones, but a government of men—of men of like passions to our own, of men with hopes and fears and ambitions, of men, who will neglect the common good in looking after their own welfare, unless they are touched with the weight of that responsibility which rests upon them as individual citizens. We long ere now should have realized that public speech and public prints should have been constantly devoted to the reproduction of the ideals of the Republic, to the agitation of the mind and conscience of the individual citizen, to the emphasis of individual responsibility and to the demand that man be as patriotic in the hour of peace as in the hour of war. But we have not made such use of our words and pages. We have abused those who did not agree with us; we have grasped the club as the only known instrument with which to make a man love us. We have not been as kind to the law-abiding citizen as to the criminal, for in dealing with the criminal we have proceeded on the theory that charity accomplishes more than cruelty and that soft words and generous treat-

ment will serve where severity is impotent.

Assuming that political machinery is automatic in its character, we have adopted in many of the States and many of the cities, the preferential primary as a means of giving the citizen a chance to insure for himself office-holders who are honest and who believe in the high ideals of the Republic and will stand for them. What has been the results of these preferential primaries giving the people their opportunity? Has the average elector been deeply impressed with the weight of responsibility which rests upon his shoulders? He has cried out bitterly at conditions; he has charged the office-holder with being corrupt and controlled by corrupt bosses, but he fails to vote at the primary as he failed to attend his party caucus; he does nothing to prevent the renomination of the office-holder he has been railing against.

The average voter seems possessed of the idea that the only men under oath are those in office, and yet I make bold to say that there is no native or foreign-born citizen who has not registered a silent but nevertheless enforceable vow to support and defend the constitution of the United States. Violation of that oath does not result in incarceration within prison walls or in deprivation of citizenship, but if the voter will but stop and consider our system of government, he will inevitably be driven to the conclusion that it is not ninety millions of people which constitute the American Republic, but that it is constituted of individual citizens to the number of ninety millions.

Equitable enforcement of the laws can never be made to rest upon the office-holders of the land. It must rest upon the individual. You may abolish the caucus, if you will, and adopt in its stead the primary; you may go farther and have a second primary to determine who shall run in the primary for the nomination to be voted for at the election; you may keep on adding machinery and machinery to the system of nominating and electing officials and your effort will come to naught until a public sentiment, which puts upon the conscience of every man his great responsibility for good government in this country, is aroused. Has the preferential primary disclosed that the citizen is deeply concerned about public affairs? Upon the contrary, it has disclosed that conditions will have to grow far worse before we can hope for them to get much better. The primary has failed to bring out the vote. It has aroused suspicion. Many are inquiring whether the new system is not the result of a scheme to syndicate candidates and fool the people. The public is wondering where the money comes from and who are contributors to the funds spent for newspaper notoriety, bill-board advertising and press-bureau fairy tales and who are meeting the pay rolls and furnishing the traveling expenses. Think of the disgraceful scenes each day being enacted and answer me—are we not a spectacle for gods and men? Consider, if you please, the contest for nomination between the President and the ex-President. Two men participating in such a contest for constable would be turned down by ninety per cent. of the voters. Is any principle at stake in the contest? None that anybody can find out. What is the sum and substance of the argument? There is no argument except as to each others fitness to be trusted. It is merely a mad rush upon the part of each to turn state's evidence and secure immunity by convicting the other. May I be permitted to prophesy that after the fourth of next March, either of these gentlemen will be able to secure immunity in the event of wrong doing in governmental affairs, not by turning

state's evidence but by proving an alibi?

The primary provides an avenue for the expenditure of vast sums of money and paves the way to syndicate candidates for the presidency but fails to obtain the views of more than fifty per cent. of the people as to their choice. This is because of the diffidence of the people, themselves. If the thunderings of the candidates in Massachusetts and Ohio failed to bring out the vote, what might we expect ordinarily? In Oregon men registered and voted at primaries, not in accordance with their party predilections, but with that party whose nominations they wanted to control. They did the same thing in North Dakota. But the worst feature is the vast expenditure of money. Take Mr. Roosevelt's campaign in New York; he spent $60,000, secured seven delegates at a cost of $8,000 each and polled 15,000 votes at a cost of $4 each. What is it to come to? It has further muddied the political waters, afforded an additional opportunity for prostitution of the ballot and put money in politics, though the desire has been to separate them. One thing is sure, it will speedily drive from politics the poor but honest man—the man who can not pay for himself and will not let others pay for him because of the moral obligation that would stick to the money. Every man who loves his country should cry aloud from his housetop and spare not until every neighbor has begun to realize his opportunity. If the citizen will conscientiously face his duty and take time to study the basic principles of our government rather than obtain his ideas from newspaper headlines, he will ascertain that he and his fellow-electors are blamable for the election to legislative office of men who do not legislate for them while in office; that he and his fellow-electors are responsible for the election of executive officers, who enforce the law not for the benefit of the many but for the benefit of the few; that he and his fellow-electors are chargeable with putting upon the bench men, not dishonest and corrupt, for I think there are few dishonest and corrupt judges, but men who sit upon the bench with spectacles furnished them by their clients and look at the law through these spectacles and render opinions, not dishonest but prejudicial.

Passing from the individual responsibility of the citizen to the actual conduct of affairs, we can not be impressed otherwise than that the partition walls between the departments of government are being rapidly torn down. If a legislator registers an oath to support and defend the constitution and has a clear conception of our theory of government, how can he hope to square himself with his conscience if he votes for enactments which are not in consonance with our theory of government? If an executive registers a like oath and yet walks into a legislative assembly and by threats and promises akin to bribes forces the crystallization of his own policies into statutory enactments, how can he square his conscience with his oath of office? If a Supreme Court reads the word "unreasonable" into an enactment and thereby legislates, how can it square its conduct with its oath of office? The most dangerous idea that an official can possess is the idea that the people have elected him to put in force and effect every vagary and theory and notion which may come into his head and the official with such an idea is the most dangerous official. It is not the business of any man to have a policy. It is the business of a party to have a policy. It is the duty of a party and of its legislative members to crystallize into law the party pledges; it is the duty of an executive to faithfully and fearlessly execute those laws and it is the duty of the judiciary to honestly construe them

without attempting to add thereto or to take therefrom.

These were the views of Thomas Jefferson and under them the Republic not only grew and prospered materially, but it solved the great problem of slavery and retained until recently and in their pristine glory all the ideas relative to the equality of men before the law and to the opportunity of every honest man for success in the Republic. But recently a change began to manifest itself. The people began to insist that a man elected to office should not be content with the discharge of powers delegated to him but should act as a Czar or as a dictator in America. Thousands of good but thoughtless men have thrown high their hats when an executive has dared to violate his oath of office and force a legislative body to enact laws desired by himself; they have applauded when prejudiced judges have been appointed and have smiled when pardons for criminal offenses have been granted in advance of the commission of the crime. Is it any wonder that cupidity and ambition and thrift and so-called enterprise have come to look upon government as being simply an annex of business? Is it at all strange that those who have succeeded in becoming beneficiaries of the nation's bounty should think it perfectly honorable to do almost anything in order to remain in the beneficiary class?

The Democratic party has been contending for years that the cause of the unequal distribution of wealth, of the high cost of living, the multiplication of multi-millionaires and of the increase in the army of the unemployed arises from our iniquitous and unjust tariff legislation. My own view has always been that government is a necessity and not a luxury; that it is not a business and has no right to engage in business except in so far as the legitimate exercise of its police power, looking toward the life and health of the people, compels it to interfere with business inimical to life and health and that the moment its revenue laws pass beyond the boundaries of its taxing powers to pay the expenses of the government they become the fruitful and prolific source of all the evils under which the people are now suffering. One time-honored doctrine is a tariff for revenue only, and whenever the government consents to protection for protection's sake, that moment it inoculates good but mistaken men with the virus of the idea that they may have large benefits if theoretically they can show that small benefits are to come to some one else. The cardinal doctrine of the Democratic party this year should be in consonance with the conduct of the National House of Representatives—a tariff for revenue only. Let it be said that a return to this system will produce evils untold and that the evils will fall more upon the just than upon the unjust, that the rich man can take care of himself but that the poor man has no one to look after him. The government should and will exercise great care against reeking vengeance and disturbing conditions. I should like to be told, however, of any protected manufacturer in America, who is making goods and selling them abroad at a loss. I think a measure of relief would be furnished the people of this country if they were enabled to buy manufactured products of our own land as cheaply here as they are sold abroad. In the equitable adjustment of the tariff to a revenue basis, there will be no necessity or desire to produce a panic or to cripple business. Thoughtful manufacturers everywhere, except those who have grown calloused to the higher ideals of life, are admitting that the best thing which could happen to business would be to save it from the necessity of pouring large sums of money into political campaigns, of owning newspapers to fool

the public and of maintaining big lobbies at Washington to watch legislation. The thrift, enterprise, capacity and inventive genius of the American people enable them to compete on equal terms with the manufacturers of the world; the labor cost in all manufactured articles is the negligible quantity.

Let our plea for equality before the law and opportunity to make an honest living be the cardinal principle of our platform and let us submit it to the judgment and conscience of the American citizen, rich or poor, protected and unprotected. Let it be understood that peacefully if we can, but forcibly if we must, we shall put an end to special privilege in America and that hereafter it shall exist only in our history. Let us stand for the election of United States Senators by the people to the end that the people may have opportunity to say who their representatives shall be. Let us demand laws for the speedy removal from office—but always by a sworn tribunal—of any judge guilty of crime, ignorance, negligence or partiality. Let us insist on an economical administration of public affairs bearing ever in mind the maxim—government is a necessity. not a luxury. Let us declare, with every force at hand, against the centralization of power. Let us educate the American people to the knowledge that they can not have many things which can be enforced in a monarchy and still retain their inalienable right to life, to liberty and to the pursuit of happiness. Let us give it as our political view that the man is more than power and that the rights of man are far more valuable than the material prosperity of a people. Let us demand that we shall have a President of the United States with courage and honesty to advise the Congress aright and with sufficient bravery to obey as well as to enforce the law. Let it be understood that if the American people really believe in our system of government, they can have a pure government and undefiled under the system of the Fathers. Let us, too, stand for the enforcement of the law without regard to the title or the position of the lawbreaker.

These are cardinal principles of Jeffersonian Democracy. Upon them all men can stand. Were they crystallized into law, honestly construed and fearlessly enforced, many of the unjust burdens upon the people would be removed. On other great questions we may be divided. Let them wait. The Anglo-Saxons—and we are still Anglo-Saxon—never settled two great questions at once. If we are to divide upon matters of less moment, let the division come after we have solved these problems vital to the American Republic. Let questions such as the initiative, referendum and recall be relegated to the domain of State politics. Let us not lose a battle this year by an attenuated battle line. Let not the people lose themselves in a wilderness of thought as to what the Democratic party stands for and what it purposes to do. Let the party strike out from the shoulder at a definite object. Let us have a revolution along the line of personal love of liberty, fraternity and equality, not a riot over who shall hold office.

AS TO INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Dear Sir: I read your Magazine, and think it the best educational publication out. Would be glad to have you answer the following questions in your Educational Department.

(1) Explain International Law.

(2) Is there any International agreement between the United States and foreign nations in regard to the importation of whiskies to the United States?

(3) If so, could the United States stop the importation of whiskey if she wanted to without the permission of the foreign nations?

(4) How many licensed distilleries are there in the United States?

Wishing you success in the future, I remain as ever,

Yours respectfully,

L. R. C.

Answer.

(1) International law is that portion of public law which regulates the intercourse, adjusts the rights, and forms the basis of the commercial and political relations of States with each other.

It is thus subdivided:

(a) The natural law as applied to nations.

(b) The customs recognized by nations.

(c) The conventions, treaties and compacts made by nations with one another.

(2) No.

(3) Yes.

(4) The last report which I examined showed six thousand. T. E. W.

THE QUESTIONS OF SLAVERY AND STATE RIGHTS.

Dear Sir: In your answer to El Reno, Okla. Ter., in my Magazine of this month, I was surprised to see you deny the lanuage of Judge Taney, in the Dred Scott Decision, namely, "That the slave had no rights that the white man was bound to respect." Turning to my "History of the American Conflict" by Greely, I find the words quoted as above in Vol. I, page 254, and eight or more following pages, containing opinions of great men of that time. You speak of Taney's ability, Greely says, "Only three men on the bench at that time with him were fit, or qualified by nature or attainments for the bench." Those were McLean, of Ohio, Nelson, of New York, and Curtis of Massachusetts. He also gives the services for which they were about all appointed by President Jackson. As for his purity of life, George Alfred Townsend, an able newspaper writer of New York and Washington, went into Maryland a few years ago and wrote up the Taney family. Most assuredly I do not wish to have come from any such family and think you would not. Only a few weeks ago two men in a strong argument on the Civil War, asked our local paper what was the cause of that war, the question of slavery or State rights. The Editor would not say what caused it, but quoted all the historians on the subject. He said there was a new lot of writers, some of them foreigners, who were trying to argue the war away from the slavery question. Greely says the decision did not enter into the campaign of 1856. In my judgment the question of slavery and State rights became so rank and bitter that no courts or human judges, or Congress could decide it. An appeal must be made to the stern arbitrament of war. It was done and a struggle ensued that took four millions of men, destroying the flower of a whole generation, covering eighteen States, taking 2, 800 battles, great and small.

I have just read an extract from the Pall Mall Gazette, in which an Englishman says the story of Joan of Arc is wholly unworthy of intelligent persons of today. That will do for Englishmen. You may think it strange to see an old G. A. R. Massachusetts man reading Thomas Watson's Magazine, Populist and papers. I am not rich, but try to have a dollar for all good causes to keep good men writing and talking.

Yours truly,

A G. A. R. VET.

Answer.

Every word in the foregoing letter indicates by its irregular lines that it was penned by a hand which trembles with age. One reads it with a certain feeling of reverence. The writer is a veteran of the wars of long ago. He was a crusader

who had faith in his cause and his leaders. He believed in Horace Greely, and he quotes him as a sufficient historical authority to silence opposition and to establish any given proposition. I have no disposition whatever to belittle Mr. Greely or his work; in some respects he was a great man; in the main his intentions were good. While a rank partisan, he had many lucid intervals.

Had the erring sisters "been allowed to depart in peace," as he at first advised, it is at least an open question as to whether the world would have been better off today than it is now after the four years of war, the Ten years of Reconstruction and the yet to be numbered years of intense race hatred and sectional hostility which lie beneath a thin covering of prudence and acquiescence.

Again, Horace Greely proved that his heart was big when he signed the bond of ex-President Davis.

And he demonstrated that he was meant to be more than a blind partisan when he risked and lost his life in the effort to smash the corrupt corporation ring which controlled the two old parties.

Therefore, I can well understand how the aged Abolitionist of Massachusetts, Mr. John Connell, come to consider Horace Greely a standard of authority. But, in the most respectful spirit, I protest that Greely was too much inflamed by the passions of the times to be capable of passing impartial judgment upon Roger B. Taney.

The Dred Scott Decision did not announce the principle that a negro had no rights that a white man was bound to respect.

Judge Taney, in the opening paragraphs of the opinion of the court, merely sketched a brief historical outline of the past status of the negro, and remarked that in the olden time he had been treated as though the negro had no rights which the white man was bound to respect.

To illustrate this feeling of hostility to the negro as an inferior being, Judge Taney cited the statutes of the colony of Massachusetts, wherein the intermarriage of a white person with a negro or a mulatto was made a penal offense, wherein it was provided that if a negro presumed to strike or smite an Englishman or other Christian, such negro should be severely whipped.

Mr. Connell may not be aware of the fact that the issue of the Boston Gazette and Country Journal which contained the Declaration of Independence also contained the advertisement for the sale of "a stout, strong, healthy, negro man, about twenty-five years of age," whose owner was so anxious to sell him that he offered to extend credit to the buyer.

As I dwell at length upon the character of Roger B. Taney in my "Life and Times of Jackson," I will only say briefly that any attack upon his purity and greatness as a lawyer and a man must heavily recoil upon who makes it.

Taney, next after John Marshall, Luther Martin and William Pickney, was the profoundest jurist in the Southern States.

He was the counsellor of Andrew Jackson throughout the trying time when Webster and Clay were united in assailing him in the Senate. He was the pilot who weathered that storm. He wrote some of the ablest of the Jackson state-papers, including the Farewell Address. He enjoyed the highest esteem of John Marshall, Joseph Story, Daniel Webster and Andrew Jackson.

And after a long career in which boundless opportunities to get rich sprang up in his path, he scorned all temptations which gold could offer, and died poor.

Had such a man been one of my ancestors (the case put by Mr. Collins) I should be proud of the fact. T. E. W.

TAFT MIXING WITH THE POPE AND CONGRESS WITH THE COLUMBUSES IN RAID UPON OUR FREE INSTITUTIONS.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson,
Thomson, Georgia.

Sir:

The Knight's of Columbus are the boasted "Right arm of the Roman Hierarchy" in the United States.

When Cardinal O'Connell reached Boston from Rome the Columbuses gave him a blow out. It was an unusual blow out. "The Cardinal was carried off his feet by the praise and warmth of the occasion, and stated, "That every Knight of Columbus should be armed with a rifle." Great guns!

"This got into the first edition, so we are informed, of the Boston Post, Cardinal O'Connell's mouthpiece, and there was a hurry and scurry on the part of the Romanists to get the edition suppressed before it reached the hands of the general public, upon their awakening the next morning."

I am reminded of the foregoing by an incident of today. A friend of yours, and you have many here on the firing line, handed me two copies of The New York Sun, both of tht same date, viz., March 22,

1912, one of which contains, on first page, commencing fourth column, a news item, as follows:

Taft Thanks Pope for American Cardinals.

Marconi Wireelss Despatch to The Sun.

Rome, via Glace Bay, March 21.—Major Archibald Butt, aide de camp to President Taft, accompanied by Bishop Kennedy, rector of the American College here, had an audience with the Pope to-day, and presented a letter from President Taft thanking the Pontiff for the creation of three new American Cardinals. The President wrote that this action was acceptable to Americans irrespective of their faith, as Catholicism contributes to the welfare of the country.

The Pope was greatly pleased to receive the letter and it is likely that he will send a reply by Mgr. Bonzano, the new Papal Delegate at Washington, when he sails for the United States after Easter.

Bishop Kennedy introduced Major Butt to the Pontiff and acted as interpreter. The Major was in full uniform and was received in the antechamber with military salutes and all the honors which are usually accorded to foreign envoys.

The Pope was very cordial and expressed himself as greatly pleased to meet the American officer. They conversed for an hour and at the conclusion of the audience the Pontiff requested Major Butt to convey his cordial greetings to President Taft.

Major Butt declined to disclose the conversation he had with the Pope, but denied that it had the slightest reference to politics. He says he was much impressed by the affability and kindness of the Pope, his good health and in his interest in the development of Catholicity in the United States.

Major Butt afterwards called on Cardinay Merry del Val, the papal Secretary of State, and Cardinal Rampolla, who held this post under the late Pope Leo XIII. The latter is an old friend of President Taft and they had a long talk. He also met Mgr. Bonzano, who, he says, is a most charming man. The new delegate is looking forward with pleasure to renewing old acquaintances when he gets to Washington.

Major Butt will sail for home on the new steamship Titanic on her maiden voyage.

I send you both copies, but the other copy, same date, volume, and number, mark you, has not a word of, or reference concerning it. Why? Who suppressed it? Is the free press throttled by the Papists? On every newspaper are one or more papists, in each and every case instructed in the interests of the Hierarchy, as Dr. A. B. Vaughan says in The Jeffersonian of yesterday, and one, on seeing "TAFT THANKS POPE FOR AMERICAN CARDINALS," telephoned Cardinal Farley, no doubt, who telephoned **The Sun** to cut it out, and out it went from the later edition.

So well trained are the Papists in the interests of their Hierarchy that even type setters substitute the most important single word in an article and they change the sense of the article. I have suffered such experience many times, and the last time within two days. Theirs is the principle of the McNamara in San Quintin!

By the way, Congress, a few years ago, in the face of a $100,000,000 national deficit with the expense of an extra session to remedy, appropriated $100,000 out of a depleted treasury, to erect a monument to Christopher Columbus, here in Washington, at the request of the Columbuses.

Congress mixed Church and State a little in the purposes of that appropriation, and is going beyond all reason in turning the celebration over to the Columbuses for public demonstration for hierarchical aggrandizement. Being a State affair, in every sense, they are endeavoring to make it a church pageant in every way. They advertise most every day they will have 40,000 "Knights" in full regalia in line at the unveiling, June 8, 1912. If each one has a rifle, a la CARDINAL O'CONNELL, the Congress may be scared outright into giving them their "Columbus Day" holiday they have been turning heaven and earth to get for five years.

Columbus Day! What does it mean?

It means a Roman Catholic church holiday. It means the Pope's canonization of Columbus for the Columbuses patron saint, and their turning the State-given Columbus Day into a "Saint Columbus Day" which holiday, of national character, for Papal demonstrations, under the auspices of the Columbuses, a purely Roman Catholic and a semi-military organization, for hierarchical aggrandizement.

Do you, kind reader, want it? If you do not, wake up and protest against it at once. Let your protest embody the foregoing last paragraph. It is enough. Do it today.

The Columbuses are storming Congress now for a Congress-given "Columbus Day," with Congress-given lawful provision for "public demonstration" with "suitable exercises," (papal) in a bold attempt to mix government and church in national affairs. Congress, charged by the 40,000 "Knights," with full regalia, with Cardinal O'Connell's rifles cocked and pointed, may be terrified into it. Congress, heeding, would violate the Constitution in discriminatory class legislation, and then be obliged to protect the Columbuses

with the strong arm of the government in their church "Saint Columbus Day," "public demonstrations" with "suitable exercises" (papal), for hierarchal aggrandizement, in destruction of our free institutions. It would be heinous!

The President will not veto it. The people must.

Address your protest to The Honorable the House Committee on the Judiciary, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C. Do it today—now.

The more than 100,000 army of readers of The Jeffs would do wonders.

WASHINGTON STUDENT.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY LOCAL AUGUSTA SOCIALIST PARTY AT REGULAR MEETING, SUNDAY, JUNE 2ND, 1912.

"Believing, as we unswervingly and unqualifiedly do, in the principle of free speech and a free press, as assured and vouchsafed the people of the United States by the Constitution, and viewing with apprehension any attempt, open or veiled, direct or indirect, to infringe upon or in any degree to abridge and curtail the sacred right of free speech and a free press in this country, we, the members of Local Augusta Socialist Party, vehemently protest against the action on the part of the judicial Federal authorities in this district with a view of prosecuting Mr. Thos. E. Watson, of Thomson, Ga., editor and publisher of Watson's Magazine, on the alleged charge of a violation of the postal regulations of the United States.

"As we understand it, from the recital of the warrant issued against Mr. Watson by the District Attorney, and from the numerous press reports, the offence charged against the Editor of Watson's Magazine is no other than the fact that he sent through the United States mail his Magazine in which, among others, is an article containing excerpts from a standard Catholic theological book printed in the Latin tongue and dealing with matters relating to the Confessional.

"If, as it is contended, the language presented in the excerpts in question is indecent, obscene and unfit for transmission through the mails it was equally indecent, obscene and unfit when it was printed in the book, 'copyrighted' and allowed transmission through the mails of the United States

"Local Augusta of the Socialist Party is in no way interested in Mr. Watson nor in his crusades, in his publications or on the platform, whether against foreign missions, against Socialism, or against what he terms the Catholic hierarchy. But Local Augusta is deeply and vitally interested in the question whether or not the people shall continue in their enjoyment of or be denied the rights, constitutionally guaranteed, of free speech and a free press, and sees a menace in any effort in the direction of abridgement of these rights.

"The prosecution of Mr. Watson, like the prosecution of the editors of the Appeal to Reason in the now famous Leavenworth penitentiary case, we can interpret in no other way than being a veiled and subtle attempt on the part of a reactionary capitalist government to stifle and silence enlightened thinking and investigation, free speaking and printing and wide dissemination of thought and opinion. Local Augusta sees in moves and prosecutions such as those instituted against the editors of the Appeal to Reason and now against the publisher of Watson's Magazine, grave danger to the unshackled spirit of Republican liberty and free speech in this country, and on these grounds we adopt and bring to public notice the following resolutions:

"We protest against and denounce the prosecution of Mr. Thos. E. Watson by the Government as unjust, despotic and contrary to the spirit of true Democracy and liberty and the guaranteed rights of free speech and a free press.

"We place our sympathies with Mr. Watson not because we approve of or accept his views and attitude on questions of a public nature, but because of his being, in this instance, unfairly dealt with by the authorities and because he is being molested and interfered with in his enjoyment of rights guaranteed him, and all American citizens, by the Constitution of the United States—the rights of free speech and a free and untrammelled press."

GEORGE FUNKLE,
MAX WILK,
PAUL G. DENNIS,
Committee.

Local Augusta Socialist Party.

CITIZENS OF WINDER PASS RESOLUTIONS SUPPORTING MR. WASON.

In response to a call, a large number of representative citizens of Winder and the surrounding country met in the town hall of Winder at 3:30 p. m. Rev. J. J. Shed, a Baptist minister, was called to the chair, he having been elected chairman. Mr. S. J. Maughon, a merchant of Winder, was elected secretary.

After a statement from the chairman of the object of the meeting, the object being to take some action with reference to the arrest of Hon. Thos. E. Watson by the United States Government, the chairman appointed the following committee on resolutions: Rev. William Dunbar, pastor of the Methodist Church, South, in Winder; W. C. Maddox and R. T. Semore.

The following resolutions were read by Mr. Dunbar as chairman of the committee:

Whereas, we have learned, through the daily press, that one of our most distin-

guished fellow-citizens, and a free-born American, the Hon. Thos. E. Watson, of Thomson, Ga., a true son of Georgia, and an undaunted champion of the rights and liberties of the people, has been recently arrested by the United States Government, ostensibly for violation of the postal laws of said Government, but we think and believe it was for his outspoken and fearless uncovering of the hidden hand of the Romish Hierarchy in the affairs of our Government; and,

Whereas, we feel it is time for the Protestant people of this Republic, without regard to denominational affiliations or political predilections, should be heard from; and,

Whereas, we feel that if a halt is not soon called, and our people made to see the danger overshadowing this fair land of ours, purchased for us by the price of the sacred blood of our ancestors, we shall soon be where it will be too late to awake.

Be it therefore resolved, by this mass meeting assembled, That we extend to the Hon. Thos. E. Watson our moral support and sincere sympathies in this hour of his trials and troubles.

We also call, with clarion blast, to the Protestant people of the Nation and State, to awake before it is too late, that in the years to come, that they see to it that no further encroachments are made upon the liberties of the people, by this monster, which has cursed every people and government it has controlled and dominated.

Be it further resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting, that we fear that the Courts of the United States are being used by this monster to suppress the freedom of the press and free speech, an heritage bequeathed to us, as a priceless boon, by our forefathers;

That we also believe Mr. Watson has been proclaiming the truth on the subject of Romanism, and that we deem the Hierarchy the greatest menace to this Government and the liberties of the people.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted by a standing vote, and ordered sent to the Winder News, the Atlanta Constitution, the Journal and Georgian, to be published as a news item.

They were also ordered sent to Mr. Watson by the secretary.

S. T. MAUGHON,
Winder, Ga. Secretary.

CINCINNATI GUARDIANS OF LIBERTY PASS RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, we have learned from the public press of the last few days that Mr. Thos. E. Watson of The Jeffersonian Publishing Company, located at Thomson, Ga., has been arrested for having published in The Jeffersonian, a monthly Magazine, a portion of Dens' Theology in Latin; and,

Whereas, the portion published by Mr. Watson was and is actually a part of the said Dens' Theology and contains the questions asked by priests of the Roman Catholic Church in the Confessional.

Be it resolved, That we, the members (200) of Menace Court, No. 16, Guardians of Liberty, Cincinnati, Ohio, consider Mr. Watson's arrest an outrage, inasmuch as the questions referred to are asked innocent young girls and boys in the Confessional and are not considered too obscene for that purpose by the Roman Catholic Church.

Resolved, second, That we will do all in our power as, God-fearing, law-abiding citizens of the United States of America, to aid Mr. Watson in regaining his freedom, and that we will continue to give him our unqualified support as long as he is persecuted for telling the truth.

Resolved, third, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Court, and that we call upon our brethren of the Guardians of Liberty to pass similar resolutions.

Resolved, fourth, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Watson, for him to use in any way that he may see fit, and that copies be sent to The Menace, and to The American Citizen.

W. A. ZINGERLE,
Master Guardian.
FRANK W. GASKINS,
Master Recorder.
A. T. STANDLEY,
E. W. REYNOLDS,
GEO. W. BOLSER,
Cincinnati, Ohio. Committee.

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE DEFENCE OF EX-CONGRESSMAN THOS. E. WATSON, OF THOMSON, GA.

Whereas, Having read of the insult shown our beloved and patriotic brother of the Guardians of Liberty, Hon. Thos. E. Watson, of The Jeffersonian Publishing Co., by the State of Georgia; and,

Whereas, We know this to be the truth because we read the news in this week's Jeffersonian that he was arrested for publishing in his May Magazine questions which every Roman Catholic priest puts to every woman in every Confessional, and further claiming that the same was obscene and therefore should not be sent through the United States mail;

Be it resolved, That we, the members of Armory Court, No. 23, Guardians of Liberty, Cincinnati, Ohio, endorse the following resolutions:

First, That we, the Guardians of Liberty, think it is about time the public press were printing such truths as these with which our fellow-citizen is charged, and that it is about time we were exposing the politicians who are playing into the hands of Rome for votes.

Second, It is not now a question of

North or South, but a question of religious freedom, free press, free speech, or Roman Catholic intolerance and bigotry.

Third, That we call the attention of the postal authorities to the fraudulent advertisements used in Catholic periodicals which make claims that are impossible and allowing these to be sent through the mails.

Fourth, That we, the Guardians of Liberty of Cincinnati, Ohio, congratulate our brother and fellow-citizen, Hon. Thos. E. Watson, for exposing the hypocrisy and superstition of the Roman Hierarchy, the deadliest menace to our liberties and civilization.

Fifth, That we, the Guardians of Liberty, extend our sympathy to this brother, who has been unjustly persecuted for the stand he has taken in behalf of American free press, free speech and our public schools.

Sixth, That we call upon all patriotic citizens, such as the Masons, Juniors, Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, and the Socialists to show their colors and to give their support and defend this loyal American citizen, Hon. Thos. E. Watson.

Seventh, That we congratulate the following publications: The Jeffersonian, The Menace, The Appeal to Reason, and The American Citizen, for the stand they have taken to enlighten the American public against the political machinations of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in the United tSates.

Eighth, That we, the Guardians of Liberty, are a non-sectarian, non-political organization, but that we stand for the complete separation of Church and State in this country, and that we particularly protest against the diversion of any public funds or lands to any sectarian purpose whatever.

Ninth, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and that a copy be sent to The American Citizen, The Menace, The Jeffersonian, and The Appeal to Reason.

C. GODDEN,
H. SILBER,
HARRY LAUTERBACH,
HARRY TIERNAN,
Committee on Resolutions.

SOME LETTERS WHICH A CHICAGO PAPER WOULD NOT PUBLISH.

Urbana, Ill., May 14, 1912.

Editor Record-Herald: In today's (May 14) issue of the Record-Herald, page 3 and column 3, there is an account of so-called miraculous cures said to have been wrought through the agency of a bit of bone taken from the body of St. Rita, who died in Italy 500 years ago.

This bit of bone is now in the possession of a Chicago Roman Catholic priest, who relates the wonderful cures, being careful, of course, to omit names of persons cured, dates and places.

Now, Mr. Editor, do you permit the publication of such impossible and superstitious stories, expecting people at this enlightened age of the world to believe them? If not, then in the name of reason and the commonest kind of common sense, give us no more of them.

Yours truly,

D. W. CRESS.

Urbana, Ill, June 8, 1912.

Editor Record-Herald, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir: Your failure to publish my letter of the 14th ult., in which I expressed certain doubts concerning the supposed curative qualities of St. Rita's shin-bone, was no surprise to me. Experience and observation have taught me that the majority of American journalists are intellectual cowards and altogether too subservient to Roman Catholic influences.

Sept. 11, 1911, there appeared on the front page of the Record-Herald a report of an address made by Archbishop Quigley before the German Roman Catholic Central Verein which was then holding its fifty-sixth annual convention in Chicago. In that address Archbishop Quigley is quoted as follows: "I am glad to see that the Central Verein is so thoroughly organized, for organization is the hope of the Catholic church. In France and Portugal the Catholic church was defeated and persecuted because the Catholics were not organized. Although there were thousands of devout and loyal Catholics who would have given their lives if need be for conscience sake, they were merely a mob without leadership and were defeated. I want to say that when the time comes in this country, as it surely will come, and the same forces attack the church here they will not find us unprepared or unorganized and they shall not prevail. We have well ordered and efficient organizations, all at the beck and nod of the hierarchy and ready to do what the church authorities tell them to do. With these bodies of loyal Catholics ready to step in the breach at any time and present an unbroken front to the enemy we may feel secure."

Now, Mr. Editor, if these utterances of Archbishop Quigley are not extremely traitorous, then what we have been wont to call treason is only a fiction of the imagination. If a leading Anarchist or Socialist were to give public utterance to such treasonable thoughts, he would be arrested and punished by the civil authorities; but the Roman hierarchy is permitted to do and to say what it pleases, unmolested and unafraid.

Let me call your direct attention to Archbishop Quigley's reference to France and Portugal. In those countries it was a struggle by the people for a complete

separation of Church and State, and the people won. In that contest it was not possible for a Catholic to be loyal to both Church and State, for loyalty to his church precluded the possibility of loyalty to his country. Everywhere Catholics are taught to render first allegiance to the church upon all questions between Church and State. Hence no loyal Catholic can possibly be true to his country.

It is evident to thoughtful and intelligent observers that it is the purpose of the Catholics in this country to dominate the political forces of the nation and ultimately to establish a union of Church and State. The American Federation of Catholic Societies has a membership of more than two million voters. It is composed of the members of sundry Catholic secret societies, political and military in character, and welded into one compact body that may be manipulated instantly and advantageously to accomplish the purposes and protect the interests of the Catholic hierarchy in America.

At a meeting of the Federation, at Columbus, Ohio, last August, the city was adornedwith flags and bunting in honor of the convention. The flag most conspicuous in that decoration was the flag of the Federation, bearing the motto, "In Union is Strength." In the center of that flag was the escutcheon of the U. S. Government, with the cross of the Catholic Church stamped upon that national emblem. This and the palm branch of victory which extended the full length of the flag, definitely proclaimed Rome's determination to make America Catholic, and her belief in the certainty of her final success in that direction.

Divers and specific instances could be cited to show that these two million voters will be utilized by Rome to effect her political designs in America, and when the final struggle for supremacy arrives it is the expectation of the hierarchy that the American Federation of Catholic Societies can be trusted to defend the church, as Archbishop Quigley has openly declared. Indeed, the organization's declaration of purposes makes that matter apparent to everyone, and is sufficient to create apprehension in the minds of all truly patriotic Americans.

If the time should ever come in this country when the Church of Rome could exercise absolute jurisdiction in both spiritual and temporal affairs, liberty would then become an epithet, and freedom of thought and of conscience only empty phrases.

Impartial students of history and of current events know:

That Roman Catholicism is the most comprehensive aggregation of graft and greed, treason and treachery, slavery and superstition, falsehood and fanaticism, crime and credulity, bigotry and boldness, and of ignorance and imbecility that has ever existed on this planet.

That the Roman Church is the implacable enemy of the American school system; that it is interested only in that learning which defends its own dogmas; is interested in that literature which is written in its own glory; is concerned only in that labor which increases is own wealth; is active only in that charity which contributes to its own exchequer; and loves only that country where patriotism is despised.

That life for the priests is one of idleness and of complex indulgences, while their ignorant and credulous victims are reduced to a miserable poverty that robs them of opportunity and all but the necessities of a bare existence.

That Rome, at all times and in all places, has opposed science and invention; has hated, persecuted, tortured and often destroyed scientists and inventors; has perpetrated manifold crimes against humanity and, like a serpent, has enwrapped human liberty within her slimy and venomous coils.

But hope ever sees a star, and many signs herald the dawn of a better day. Though Catholicism remains stereotyped in unprogressiveness, it must be apparent upon the most superficial reflection that the race has advanced. Science is enlightening the world, education is universally diffused, the spirit of liberty has revived, and the time is fast appoaching when mankind will be unencumbered by precedents and emancipated from all allegiance to the past. The years are on the way when the starless blackness of Rome's malignant creed can no longer afflict humanity—glad, triumphant years when the consensus of intelligence will dump Catholicism into the dust-bin of oblivion and priestcraft shall perish from the earth.

D. W. CRESS.

VAGABOND JOURNEYS. By Percival Pollard. Neale Publishing Co., New York.

Of the making of books of travel, there is no end. One sees in the foreign lands that which one has the capacity to see.

Unconsciously, the traveler mirrors himself, or herself, in his, or her, book of travels.

The author of "Vagabond Journeys" died before his work came from the press. This fact adds a pathetic interest to his book.

Since the celebrated "Eothen," no man has written more entertainingly of his travels.

Mr. Pollard's powers of perception and analysis were extraordinarily keen. His humor is rich and not bitter. His descriptions are vivid, and his reflections are never commonplace nor morbid.

I quote at length, beginning with page 219, his description of "Night Life" in London, Paris and Berlin—for to my mind this turning of the world to pleasure and the turning of night into a covering for licentiousness is one of the most portentious symptoms of modern social decay.

T. E. W.

THE LUTE OF LIFE. By James Newton Matthews. Horton & Company, Cincinnati.

The introduction to this volume comes by way of an "Appreciation," by Walter Hurt. It is the most beautiful thing of the kind that I ever read. It is not only beautiful but it is touching in tender and glowing tribute to the poet whose literary executor Mr. Hurt became.

The book itself is a mine of thought and sentiment, the poems striking almost every note. Some of them are supremely excellent. In fact, very few collections present so great a variety of genuine poetry—few have so many different kinds of fragrant flowers.

One can linger over this book by the hour and not find it stale.

But the best tribute to the poet is a selection from his work, and I regret that we have not space for more:

The Night You Quoted Burns to Me.

The winds of early autumn blew
Across the midnight. Overhead
A wild moon up the heavens fled,
And cut the sable vault in two;
We heard the river lap and flow,
We turned our poet-fancies free—
My heart did all its cares forego,
The night you quoted Bnrns to me.

A gray owl from a blasted limb
Dropped down the dark and blundered by,
As if a fiend with flaming eye
Fast-followed in pursuit of him;
Ah, then you crooned beneath the moon
A ditty weird as weird could be—
And Tam O'Shanter crossed the Doon,
The night you quoted Burns to me.

We praised the "Lass o' Ballochmyle,"
We talked of Mary, loved and lost,
Until our spirits touched and crossed,
And melted into tears, the while;
We drank to "Nell," and "Bonnie Jean,"
To "Chloris," and the "Banks o' Cree,"—
Blest hour! I keep its memory green,
The night you quoted Burns to me.

The Wabash hills their heads low hung,
As floating up their winding ways
They caught the sound of "Logan Braes,"
And heard "Sweet Afton's" glory sung;
And loud the Wabash did deplore
That no brave poet-voice had she
To lend her fame forevermore,
The night you quoted Burns to me.

O dear, delightful autumn night,
Forever gone beyond recall!
Comrade, the clouds are over all,
And you—you've vanished from my sight;
Still flows the river as of yore,
The owl still haunts the lonely tree,
And I'll forget, ah, nevermore,
The night you quoted Burns to me.

On Easy Street.

Do you ever go down on Easy Street,
In the lullaby hush of the day's decline,

When everybody you chance to meet
Has a languid air and a look supine;
Where even the lights have a lazy shine,
And the breezes drowse as they idle by,—
Where the people dally and drink and dine,
From dusk till the noon of night is nigh?

Dreamily filters the starlight through
The leaves a-swoon in the summer heat;
And the work-a-day world lies out of view
Beyond the Eden of Easy Street;
Never the sound of dancing feet
Disturbs the languorous, lulling hours
That loll in the lap of that dim retreat,
As soft as the moon on the terrace flowers.

Down in the dusk where the shadows fall,
Under the glimmer of twinkling lights,
We hear the laughter, and that is all,
Of children a-romp in the rosy nights,—
Or a kiss, mayhap, when a lover plights
His troth, in a chrism of lips that meet,—
Ah, never a fancy hath finer flights
Than mine, in its journey to Easy Street.

The Old Country Road.*

Where did it come from, where did it go?
That was the question that puzzled us so
As we waded the dust of the highway that flowed
By the farm, like a river—the old country road.
We stood with our hair sticking up thro' the crown
Of our hats, as the people went up and went down,
And we wished in our hearts, as our eyes fairly glowed,
We could find where it came from—the old country road.

We remember the peddler who came with his pack
Adown the old highway, and never went back;
And we wondered what things he had seen as he strode
From some fabulous place up the old country road.

We remember the stage-driver's look of delight,
And the crack of his whip as he whirled into sight,
And we thought we could read in each glance he bestowed
A tale of strange life up the old country road.

The movers came by like a ship in full sail,
With a rudder behind in the shape of a pail—
With a rollicking crew, and a cow that was towed
With a rope on her horns, down the old country road.

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The Right of All the Way

Railroad service and telephone service have no common factors—they cannot be compared, but present some striking contrasts.

Each telephone message requires the right of all the way over which it is carried. A circuit composed of a pair of wires must be clear from end to end, for a single conversation.

A bird's-eye view of any railroad track would show a procession of trains, one following the other, with intervals of safety between them.

The railroad carries passengers in train loads by wholesale, in a public conveyance, and the service given to each passenger is limited by the necessities of the others; while the telephone carries messages over wires devoted exclusively for the time being to the individual use of the subscriber or patron. Even a multi-millionaire could not afford the exclusive use of the railroad track between New York and Chicago. But the telephone user has the whole track and the right of all the way, so long as he desires it.

It is an easy matter to transport 15,000 people over a single track between two points in twenty-four hours. To transport the voices of 15,000 people over a single two-wire circuit, allowing three minutes for each talk, would take more than thirty days.

The telephone system cannot put on more cars or run extra trains in order to carry more people. It must build more telephone tracks—string more wires.

The wonder of telephone development lies in the fact that the Bell System is so constructed and equipped that an exclusive right of all the way, between near-by or distant points, is economically used by over 24,000,000 people every day.

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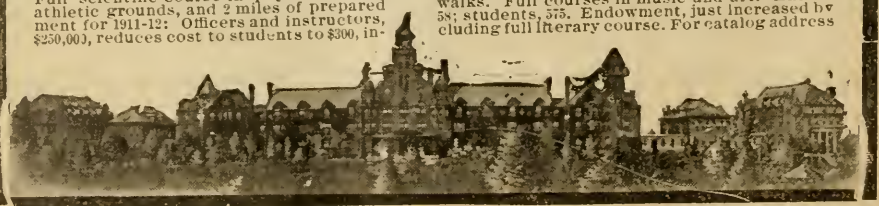

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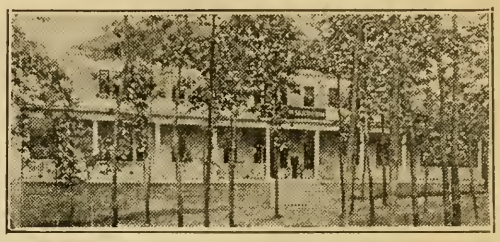

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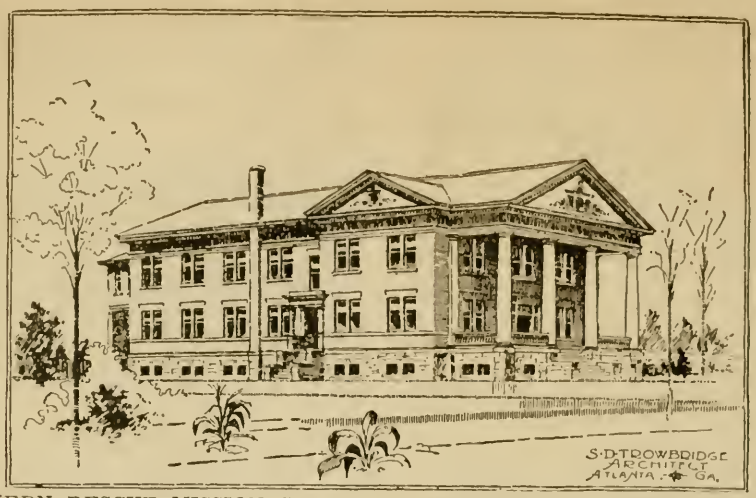

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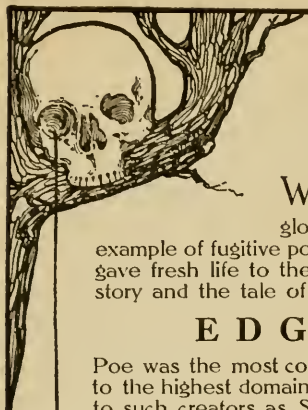

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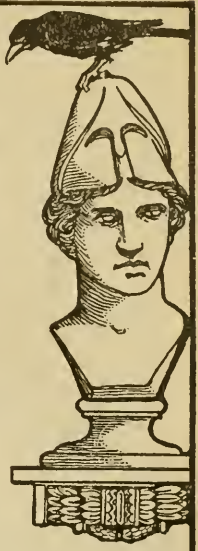

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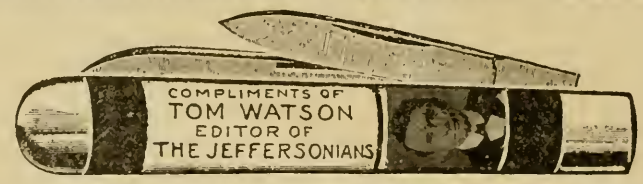

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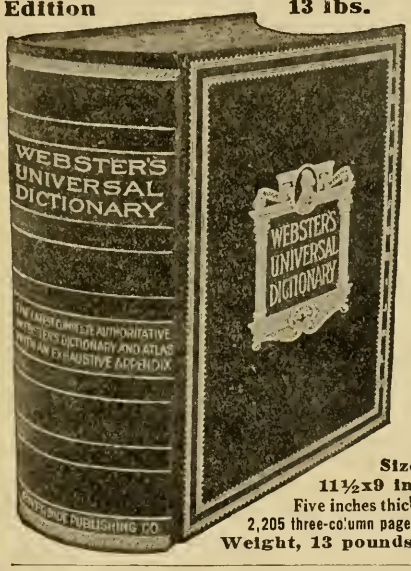

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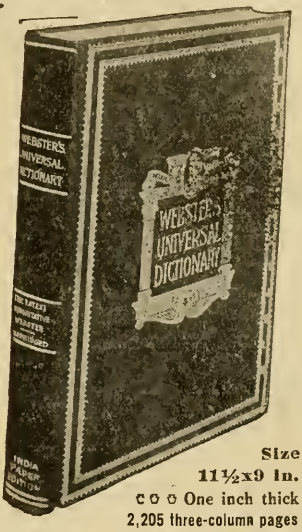

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